

# HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

MAY 1976 \$1.75



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• AUTHORESS 'J. APHRODITE' PROBES WOMEN'S SEX FANTASIES •  
LAS VEGAS SEX • MIKE THEVIS, SULTAN OF SMUT • SPACE CHIC

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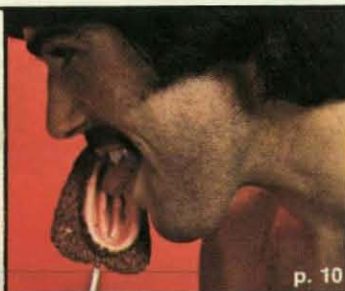
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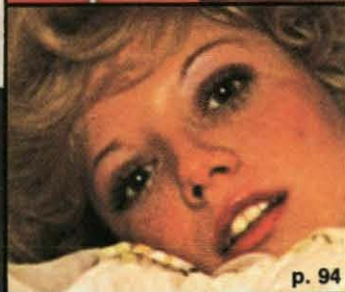
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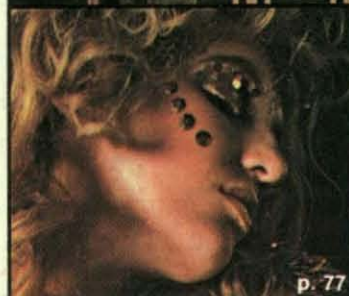
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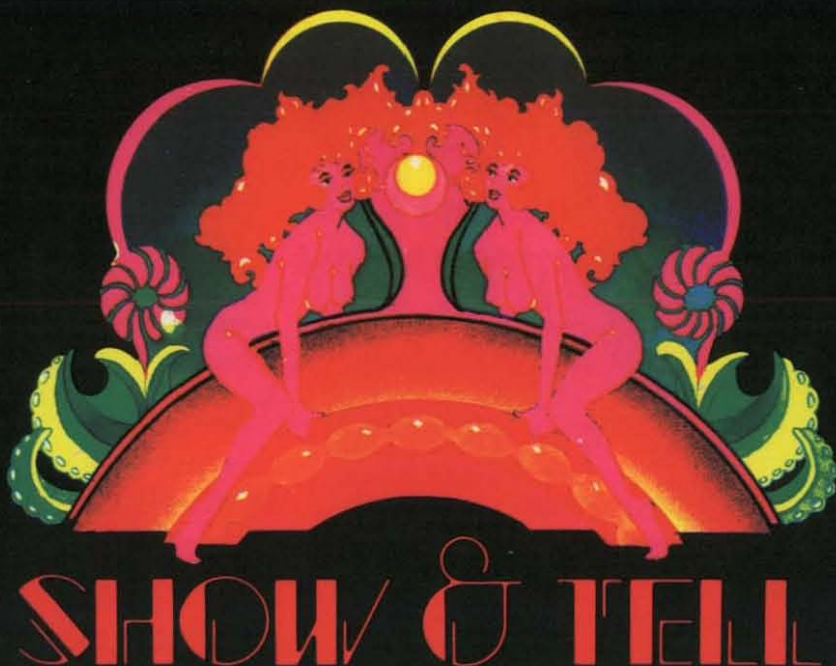
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**VOL. 2 NO. 11 MAY 1976**



## THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Welcome to the month of May, the time when everything and everyone is growing—even us. And I'll bet you'll notice a rising growth yourself, while reading this super issue!

If you're one of those who likes to get the behind-the-scenes scoop, you'll want to read **NORMAN JACKSON SMITH's** first-hand report on the seemingly man-hating author of *Against Our Will*. Does **SUSAN BROWNMILLER** actually crave to be raped? Don't miss this personal account of a man and a woman *not* in love.

But if you want to hear it directly from the horse's mouth, so to speak, check out our intimate interview with **J. APHRODITE**, the authoress of *To Turn You On: 39 Sexual Fantasies For Women*. You might learn something and get a rise out of this, as well.

It's often said that there is nothing like being a dirty old man, if you're rich. But don't try to convince our Personality Profile for this month. His name is **MIKE THEVIS** and his game was smut peddling, until the Feds moved in and closed up the shop.

If you bought this magazine strictly for a turn-on (and would like to skip the "redeeming social value"), read **VEGAS DREAMS** by J. R. Rivers and discover what happens when a man rolls down his sleeves and heads for Las Vegas to fulfill his life's dream.

For a visual turn-on, fly to the moon with **ELECTRA**, a spacy chic who's out of this world in more ways than one. Then there's **JOCELYN**, found right under our own noses—working for HUSTLER—and she turned out to be a fantastic centerfold. As for the other girls: **GRACE** gave us some very amazing ideas, while **HEIDI** and **EVONNE** also came through with flying colors—mostly pink, I must admit.

But isn't life wonderful? All this and still we give you much more, like **BITS & PIECES**, **KINKY KORNER**, **SEX PLAY**, **ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE**, **SEX BITS** and our hotshot **HUMOR** and **CARTOONS**.

Enjoy, lover!

*Althea Leasure*

Associate Publisher  
and Executive Editor

# HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

Larry C. Flynt \*  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER  
Jimmy R. Flynt  
CO-PUBLISHER  
Althea Leasure  
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER  
& EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Bruce David  
MANAGING EDITOR  
Bob Flora  
ART DIRECTOR  
Steve Hanley, Dane Stitts  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS  
Jimm Grady  
CARTOON & HUMOR EDITOR  
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TALENT COORDINATOR  
Pat Garling, Jeff Smith,  
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EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS

Harvey Shapiro  
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Carole Trimble  
PUBLIC RELATIONS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:  
Richard Crownover, John Farr,  
Skip Fickling, Tim Beckley,  
Skip Sheppard  
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:  
James Baes, Jay Myrdal,  
Roy Brewington, Tony Currin,  
D. R. Goff  
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:  
Alex Ebel, Danny Kirk

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# PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

Dear Friend,

*After years of shock and sorrow over the decline of morals and decency in our country, I thought I had become shock-proof.... Can you believe it: complete color films of sexual acts between women and men, including homosexual acts, using your children. Unless you and I act today...our children and our children's children will be exposed to perversion so sinister that good will become evil and evil will become good.*



## SEX, SIN AND SALVATION



*Rev. Hargis: the maggot-mouth faggot.*

**T**he above statement is an excerpt, word for word, from a fund-raising pamphlet mailed by the Tulsa Crusade for Christian Morality, an ultra-conservative Fundamentalist organization headed by the Rev. Billy James Hargis.

Hargis is a right-wing religious fanatic dedicated to abolishing—among other things—any type of sexual activity between two people other than married couples. This schmuck is also responsible for publishing the bluenose best seller, *Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?* which promotes the moralistic myth that if you don't educate kids about sex they won't indulge in it.

Would you believe that this lecherous bag of pus has been exposed as a faggot? Five of his students—four of them male—have come forth and charged that Hargis had engaged in sexual activity with them while he was president of the American Christian College in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The story goes that Hargis's faggotry first surfaced when, after being married by him, two of his students discovered on their honeymoon that neither was a virgin—both had been seduced by preacher man Hargis.

Other ravaged male students—one of whom was 15 years old when Hargis made him—said that this pig justified his homosexual acts by citing the Old Testament "friendship" between David and Jonathan, and that he threatened to ruin them if they talked. When confronted with their charg-

es, the gutless maggot blamed his taste for young boys on defective genes and chromosomes.

There is no doubt that this filthy, steaming pile of shit is qualified to be HUSTLER's "Asshole of the Month," but I felt his case deserved even higher recognition. Hargis's actions in sexually exploiting the innocent

devotion of his young followers comes close to being equalled only by the Pope's perpetual stand against sexual liberation and by Billy Graham's notorious statement that all rapists should be castrated.

All three of these men sell sex as energetically as HUSTLER does. Except that while HUSTLER promotes the positive, life-affirming nature of sexual pleasure, these sanctimonious religionists make handsome livings by convincing their followers that the God-given pleasure of sex is sinful and shameful. At the same time, they—or other "moralistic" members of their church hierarchies—secretly, guiltily engage in illicit sex themselves. This is the very type of hypocrisy that is responsible for our repressed and frustrated society.

The most shocking aspect of Hargis's sorry scandal is not that this unctuous faggot is allowed to pander to the gullible religious minds in our society, but that he does so under the tax-free banner of the United States government. This despicable creature is allowed to make a mockery of true religion, to spread chaos among our schoolchildren by seducing teenage boys and girls, and to undermine everything that our country stands for, all without losing the tax-exempt status granted to religious institutions. And, while HUSTLER has to contend with constant hassles, harassment and pressure from every level of government, Hargis, as this is being written, remains unindicted for his highly criminal sexual abuse of adolescents.

Hargis's sexual escapades would not have been sanctioned even under HUSTLER's most liberal standards. Yet the same faceless government bureaucrats who decry HUSTLER's mere existence have supported this miserable turd from his sleazy beginnings, and will probably continue to do so as long as he parrots the Bible-beaters' pointless doctrine of sexual self-denial.

Larry Flynt  
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

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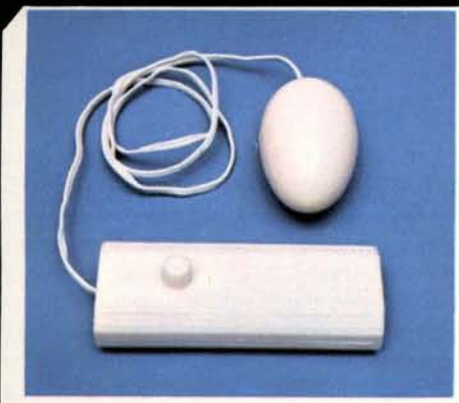


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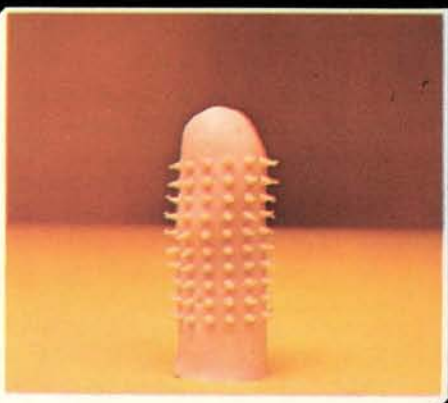
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## SMOKING LESS LATELY?

In your latest (February, 1976) issue, you have a fantastic ad on the back cover. What I would like to know is, is it possible to procure more of these ads, either from yourself or from the National Clearinghouse For Smoking?

It is the best ad and incentive I've seen to stop smoking, and I've got some friends who need desperately to stop.

Awaiting your response.

William Holden  
New Haven, Connecticut

22" X 29" posters of HUSTLER's controversial anti-smoking advertisement (conceived of and designed entirely by our staff) can be ordered from HUSTLER MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 2204, Columbus, Ohio 43216, for \$3.95 each, including postage and handling. All profits will be turned over to the American Cancer Society.

Some say that you are what you eat. In that case, you wrinkled goat anus, I'd like to thank you for taking the pleasure of cigarettes away from me. I've enjoyed smoking for the past ten years, but it took 20 seconds of viewing your back cover to end all that.

My cough is gone, my guilt is gone, and my anxiety is gone. I may not live any longer, but it will probably seem like it.

Thanks again. I owe you folks one.

David L. Hagler  
Springfield, Illinois

*Now you can devote more time to eating pussy. That's one thing nobody has ever claimed to be bad for your health, and it makes your breath kissing-sweet.*

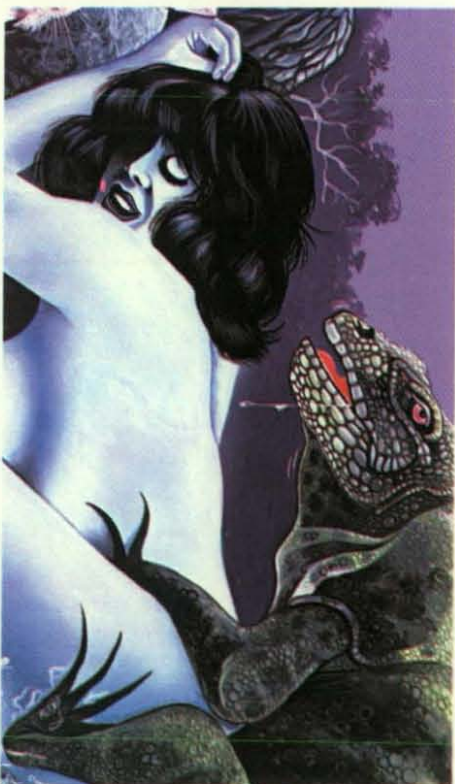
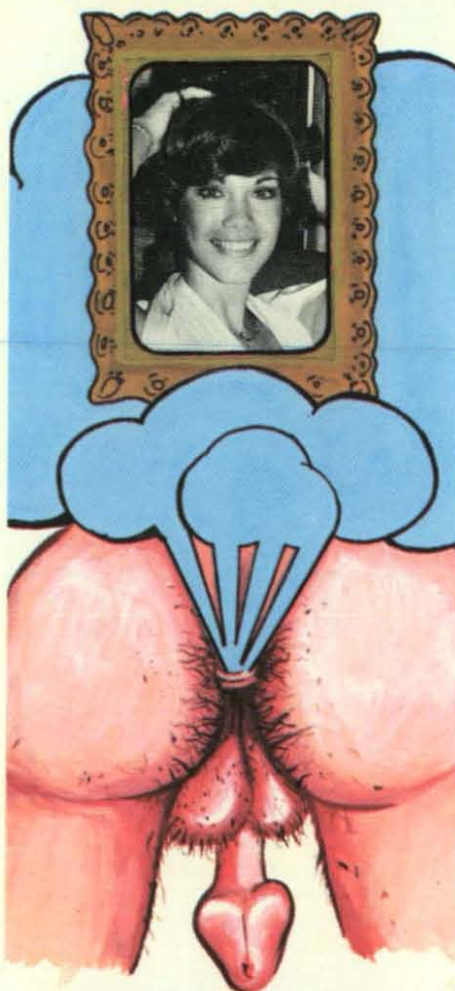
I am 18 years old and a Louisiana resident. I have been debating for some time now about whether or not to quit smoking. I like to smoke and enjoy it, even though I know it is hazardous to your health. I want to thank you so much for the picture of the cancerous lung on the back of your magazine in your Feb., 1976, issue. This really helped me to decide on my problem. I had heard all kinds of stories about how black and corroded your lungs would become from cancer, but this was the first time I ever laid eyes on such a gruesome sight. I know it isn't a fake or anything, because I know that what HUSTLER says is true. Thank you so much.

P.S. I did quit.

David Key  
Winnfield, Louisiana

I was turned on to your magazine by a friend who told me about a 50-year-old centerfold. Far out. The February issue was the first I had seen. It's a good magazine, but that is not why I'm writing. I am writing to thank you for saving my life.

I am 28 years old, married for six years, no kids.



I am an artist. Up until last week, I smoked a pack of cigarettes a day. I had my last cigarette about a half-hour after seeing your back cover.

How do I know it was my last cigarette? I've tried to quit many times, but never seemed to have the "will-power."

All my life I've been strongly influenced by visual images. That's one of the reasons I'm a painter. Your back cover for February gave me the "will-power"! I don't even have to worry about "nicotine fits" anymore! Whenever I think about cigarettes, I look at the pictures on my wall of two different lungs. Thanks, with a handshake!

Peter Schultz  
Montpelier, Vermont

*I'm glad to have been of service. My business is visual images, too, and for that reason the picture made quite an impression on me, as it obviously did with many readers.*

—Larry Flynt

## BUTCH: PRICK & PREJUDICE

I feared for the future of what freedom we have left in America when I read the rantings of several neo-Nazi, racially bigoted, bluenosed fanatics about Butch and his 11-in. prick in your March Letters to the Editor column. What do these people (KKK, et al) want? To bring back the Spanish Inquisition? To revive the Gestapo or the NKVD, except here in the U. S. and under their control?

If they are so offended by your magazine, they shouldn't read it. No one is making them read it. But why the hell do they object if someone else does? I firmly support your right to publish whatever you damn well want to. Don't ever let your home-grown totalitarians force you to retreat from your position on freedom of speech.

The fate of HUSTLER will be a key indicator of the future of our first amendment rights. It is bitterly ironic that this should even be in doubt as the Bicentennial arrives.

Douglas Helling  
Manhattan, Kansas

*Yes, it's a drag to have to deal with the ugliness of racial bigotry, power-madness and censorship when all we want to do is entertain, amuse and turn on our readers. Life's too short to waste your precious time hating others or trying to control what they can read, but a lot of people don't seem able to grasp that. We pity them. When they jump in our shit—as they often do—we have no choice except to fight with every weapon at our command. The support of free-thinking readers like you makes that constant struggle a lot easier to bear, and we do appreciate it.*

I would like to start off by saying that I have been meaning to write this letter for a long time. But when I kept reading those letters about Butch, I felt I could put it off no longer.

Who the hell do those people think they are,

(continued on page 112)

# ADVISE & CONSENT

**Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise and Consent Editor, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.**

I am 60 and in good shape. I still easily get an erection from looking at your wonderful mag! My average erection is 6½-in. long, hard and thick. My hang-up is that my wife has had female problems (menopause, etc.)—there's no action here at all. My wife's sister is 59, a beauty of a blonde with big, firm tits, and well kept-up. I know her husband has not fucked her for over two years due to an illness. I have a real hard-on for her and would sure love to spend time giving her some real slow, all-over love. Her hubby is gone eight hours a day a couple of days a week, but how do I approach her? It is a ticklish proposition, and, naturally, I wouldn't want my wife or her

hubby to know of this. I would love to play with her tits. If I could just play with her tits, then I know I could fuck her. Please advise on how to approach her, or should I forget it and seek a hooker?

Name Withheld on Request

*To be succinct, don't shit where you eat. Most women with big, firm tits are not your sister-in-law. Try one of them.*

What determines the amount and thickness of semen ejaculated during climax? How can I increase my "payload"?

Donald E. Broughton  
Columbus, Ohio

*We cannot imagine any reason why you would want to have a large amount of semen ejaculated since it makes absolutely no difference at all in terms of sexual pleasure for you or your partner. In fact, a woman usually cannot tell how much juice is entering her at the moment of climax. The amount does not add or detract from the ecstasy of coming, and you shouldn't even give it a thought. Certainly, whatever you do spurt is enough for all practical purposes. Relax.*

I recently stumbled onto the greatest discovery since the vibrator, and at no cost at all. One evening while eating out my wife, I got this terrible urge to sneeze. She had just showered, and her pubic hair was standing up and tickling my nostrils. I was unable to move my head back since she had a death grip on it, so I just let out a loud

sneeze. My wife responded with a gully washer and a tiny, almost imperceptible echo. Immediately realizing the importance of my discovery, I proceeded to experiment some more. Carefully placing my mouth over her cunt, I cut loose with a terrifying scream. She responded with another load that damn near drowned me. Since then, I scream and yell at my wife all the time. My only objection is that towards the end of the month she wants me to let out a blood-curdling yell.

Manuel Collazo  
Austin, Texas

*We are thrilled to pass on your creative discovery. By the way, have you tried yodeling?*

My husband says he can tell whether or not I come during intercourse by the way my muscles contract. Could you explain exactly what happens when a person comes? Can he tell if I do or not? Also, he has said that sometimes when he comes it hurts. What would cause a sensation like that?

J.H.  
Janesville, Wisconsin

*In most cases, one of the physical manifestations of a woman's orgasm is vaginal muscle contractions, which can range in strength from very weak to stranglingly strong. There are also women who can come while lying in a completely relaxed state, without any contractions, spasms, twitchings, or other obvious signs of climax. The answer to your question is that sometimes your man can tell the moment it happens, and sometimes he doesn't have a clue. (You can fool him whenever you want by simulating responses.)*

*Your husband's pain can be caused by tenseness, mild irritation, or a number of other harmless things. Does it hurt when he urinates? If so, or if the pain persists, he should definitely see a doctor.*

Since I was a child, I have had an intense aversion to shit. I couldn't even look at it in the toilet; it just seemed totally filthy to me. However, until the present time, my neurosis has not been a problem I had to confront often. Now I am in love with a wonderful, passionate woman, and, naturally, my greatest turn-on is pleasing her in as many ways as possible. The problem is that she tells me constantly that she loves anal intercourse and even has her best orgasms that way. I am terrified of putting my cock in her asshole and getting shit on it. I'm sure I will get some terrible infection. I find it impossible to discuss this problem with her.

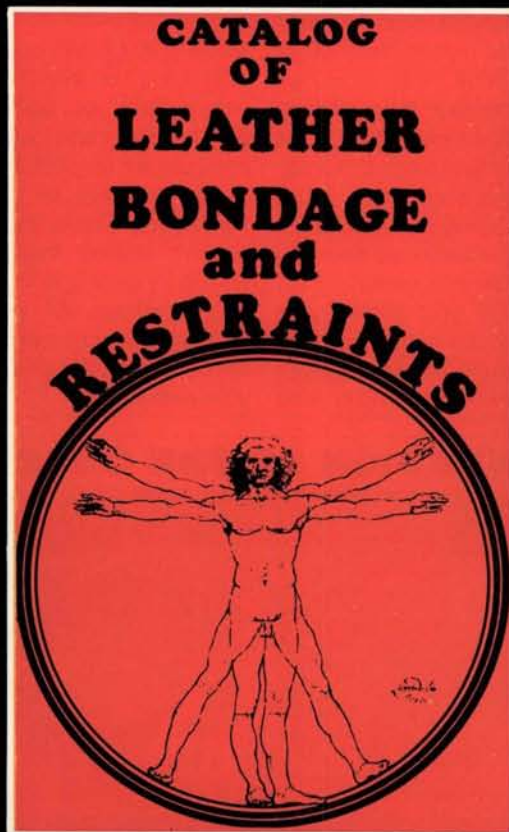
Joseph Earl  
Albany, New York

*Tell her everything. The challenge might turn her on in wonderful new ways. She can help you and seduce you into the pleasures of her tight, smooth asshole. Of course, washing and cleaning your penis thoroughly after any kind of intercourse should be standard procedure. If your girl*

(continued on page 104)



# The Lusty Look of Leather



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# BITS & PIECES

## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Brace yourselves with a swig of Kaopectate, dear readers, because *you* have been chosen Assholes of the Month for not being able to tell the difference between satire and fact in HUSTLER. Not *all* of you, of course—most HUSTLER readers do have the wit to distinguish between our "tasteless" brand of satire and the grotesque, shocking facts which that satire is meant to mock. But from the way our Feedback (Letters to the Editor) section reads every month, as though a truckload of turkeys has squatted on the pages and shit their insides out, it is obvious some of you readers completely miss the point of HUSTLER's mind-fuck mirth.

Some of you are offended by our photos of castrated *plastic* cocks, when at the same time you blandly accept Billy Graham's advocating the castration of rapists. Remember, Graham isn't talking

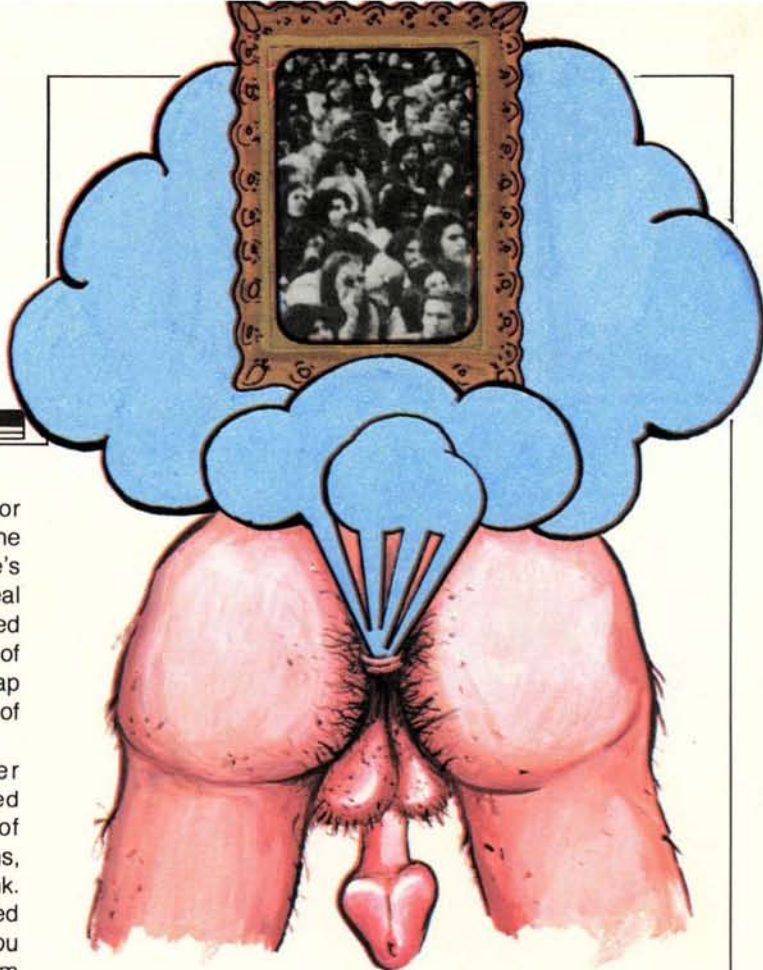
about plastic testicles or play-dough peckers when he makes that statement; he's talking about the kind of real human genitals which bleed real blood onto the hands of society. No amount of soap could wash those kinds of scabs away.

When Henry Kissinger directs the premeditated murder and destruction of countless foreign populations, many of you don't even blink. Entire countrysides are raped and cold-cocked by B52s; you aren't offended, even if napalm cum boils human flesh off of human bone. But when we mock Kissinger by publishing photos of him picking his nose, you become outraged. Our salty humor is intended to amuse you, but some of you take our jokes more seriously than you do the obscene reality.

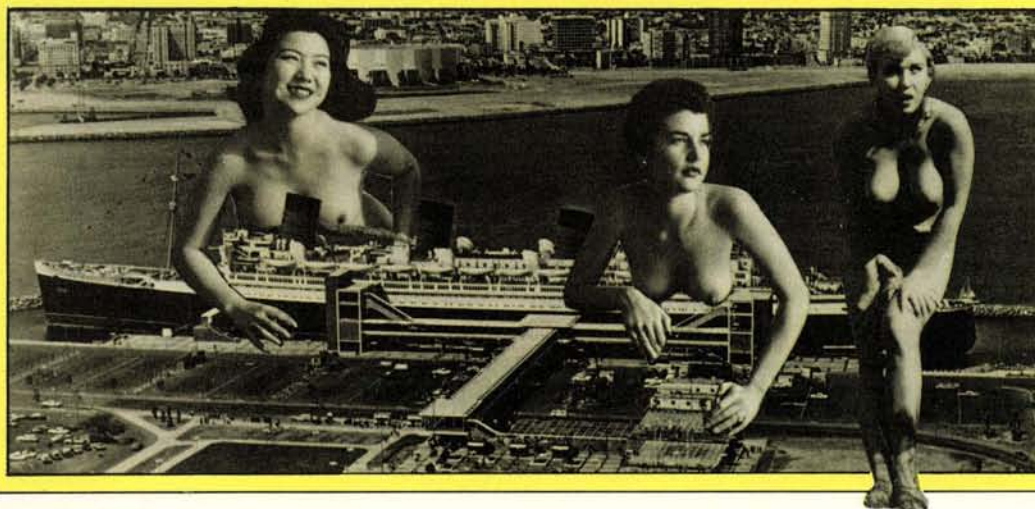
Some of you should give your mind an enema, so that your thinking is clear enough for you to know when to cry and

when to laugh. We *could* label everything in HUSTLER as either "Fact" or "Satire." But we haven't, and we won't, because we respect the ability of our readers to think for themselves. Those of you who haven't started thinking yet should try getting in touch with your emotions. All we do is ridicule an absurd reality, it's up to you to cast the scales from your own eyes.

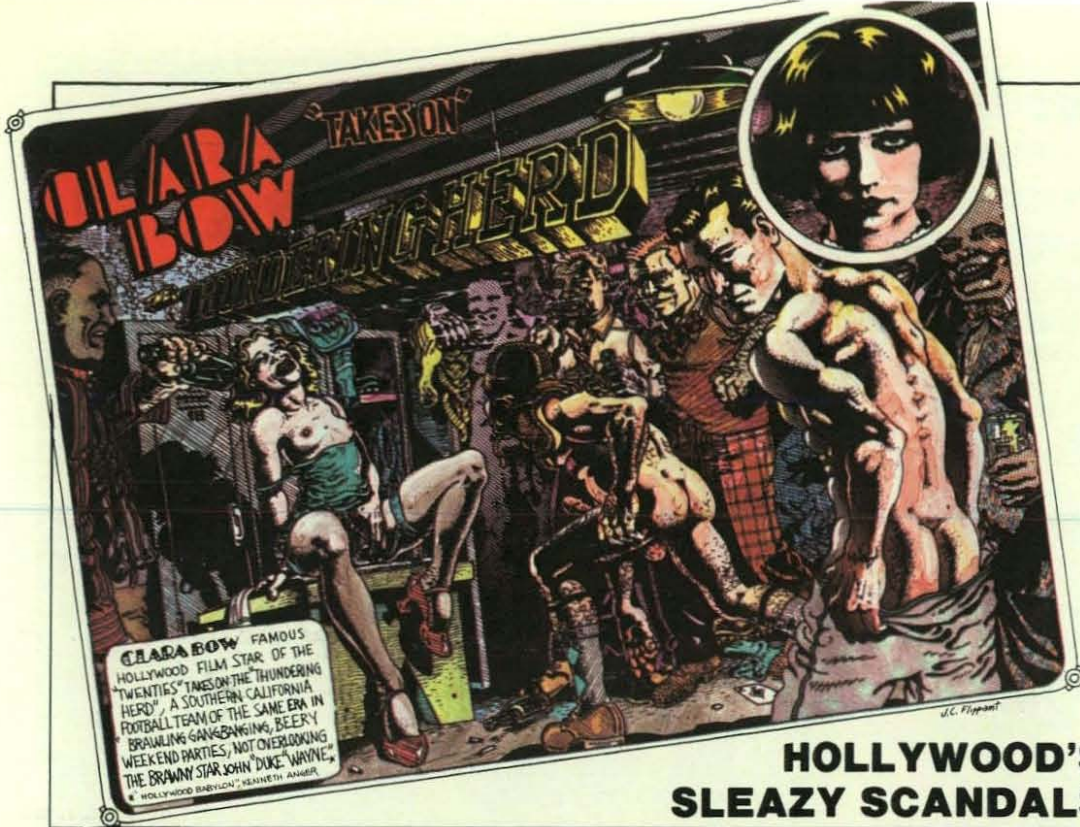
Still, some of you will probably continue to think that HUSTLER's basement is filled with whips and chains, our bathtubs with corpses on ice, and our closets with little old ladies, bound and gagged. We absolutely and unequivocally deny these allegations. Quite the contrary—our attics have the chains, our closets the corpses, and our bathtubs the little old ladies.



## INVASION OF THE QUEEN



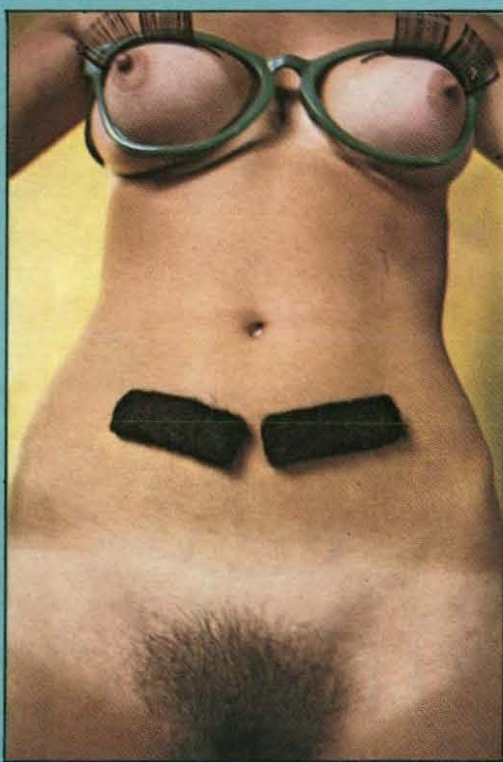
The gigantic ocean liner *Queen Mary*, anchored in a Long Beach, California, harbor, has suddenly lost its tourist pizzazz and is failing badly, according to ship executive Sandy Kemp. Some say the 1000-foot-long British liner will be taken over by a Japanese syndicate and will feature nude geisha girls, making it the first U.S. "stationary floating whorehouse." While Long Beach city officials strongly deny this rumor, they are secretly preparing to buck recently-enacted California anti-nudity laws.



## HOLLYWOOD'S SLEAZY SCANDALS

When it comes to sexual self-indulgence, truth has always been kinkier than film fiction in Hollywood. The real-life sexual adventures of the '20s silent-screen stars make the reel-life sexcapades of today's porno performers pale by comparison. According to Kenneth Anger, flapper star Clara Bow was pulling trains for the USC football team and John Wayne long before most of us were born. Mack Sennet comedy star Fatty Arbuckle accidentally killed a starlet by using a Coke bottle dildo on her at a drunken hotel-suite orgy. Director William Desmond Taylor was mysteriously murdered, leaving love letters from various movie queens which told of night-long, cocaine-fueled fuck sessions, with Taylor doing his numbers in drag.

Decadence and debauchery still play a starring role in today's Hollywood, of course, but somehow the sex-dope-murder peccadillos of the silent-movie stars are more morbidly fascinating, simply because they carried on their high-style fucking and sucking in a much more repressive era. Now those *Sleazy Scandals of the Silver Screen* have been recounted (and illustrated) in a recent underground comics' release of that name, from which we culled this center-spread cartoon. Utilizing the familiar black and white comic strip format of the "Undies," *Sleazy Scandals* seems destined to rank as the *Classics Illustrated* of Tinseltown's tacky history. You can order a copy (for 60 cents) from Cartoonist's Co-op Press, P. O. Box 40474, San Francisco, California 94110.



## THE AMAZING TITHEADS

Now that all three television networks have agreed to designate the hour between 8:00 and 9:00 p.m. as "family viewing time," the remaining hours

of television have been loosened up, so it shouldn't be too much longer before you will see Saturday morning kiddie shows like "The Amazing Titheads."

Combining new and revolutionary make-up techniques with exciting, fresh acting talent, this program could be about the lives of Bernard and

Martha Tithead, a hip American couple off on their quest to discover the true meaning of Life and the Bicentennial. Follow them on their many adventures, like the time when they visit an abortion clinic and Martha chokes on a coat hanger. Or the nightmare experience when Bernard puts his shirt on and thinks he has

suddenly gone blind.

These are but two of the madcap mishaps the slightly walleyed couple run into in their efforts to keep abreast of changing times. So, if you are sick of TV situation comedies where Daddy is a complete boob, tune in on "The Amazing Titheads," where Mommy's one, too!

## MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



# MONKEY FUCK



## CHERRY POP?

What's this? Has the Coca-Cola Bottling Company finally lost its corporate mind? This roadside testament seems to indicate that they are secretly experimenting with a new promotional gimmick—pussy-flavored soda pop—to assist the flagging sales of their version of 7-Up. At any rate, that's the prospect being offered to calorie-conscious cunnilinguists in Mankato, Minnesota, where this back-road billboard was spotted. Folks always said, "If you could bottle pussy, you'd make a fortune," but can't you

imagine the Product Development boys trying to come up with a name for this one? How about *The cUNT-Cola*? Or *Canada Wet*?

So if, in the months to come, you should detect a "fishy" odor and taste in your spritely soft drink, the chances are that it's an indication that more and more women are now turning to the tingling tartness of lemon-lime as a form of homemade, carbonated douche—and leaving their own distinctive (poon)tang on the lips of the recycled bottles.

## "...NYLON FETISHIST OR LESBIAN DWARF..."

The best way to find the girl of your dreams (or nightmares) is to run a classified advertisement in a sex tabloid such as *Screw* or the *San Francisco Ball*. That's the advice of Jerry Schneiderman, who is an expert on ads that will get you laid.

"I charge \$50 for writing an ad for a woman who wants to meet men," he told *HUSTLER*. "The secret of sexual advertising is fantasy. You must appeal to the reader's fantasy and intelligence." Jerry gives this ad he wrote as an example: "BLACK, BEAUTIFUL AND GREEK. . . . My mother was a slave to the cruel masters on the Isle of Helios. . . ." The intelligent, fantasy-prone reader discerns from it that, in the end, this woman wants to get

fucked in the ass. If his tastes are similar, he gets in touch with her. Another satisfied customer for Schneiderman.

His advertising copy is so effective that Jerry uses it himself. The snatch of headline above is from an ad Jerry placed for himself: "Absurd Heterosexual Pornographer seeks uninhibited woman or nylon fetishist, lesbian dwarf, pedophile, basket case greaser chick. No sickies or Republicans (well, maybe a few). Jerry. P.O. Box 787, Old Chelsea Station, New York City, 10011."

"I wrote that ad to find intelligent women with a sense of humor," says Jerry. "They read it and decided they wanted to meet the writer. It was very successful." As you can see,

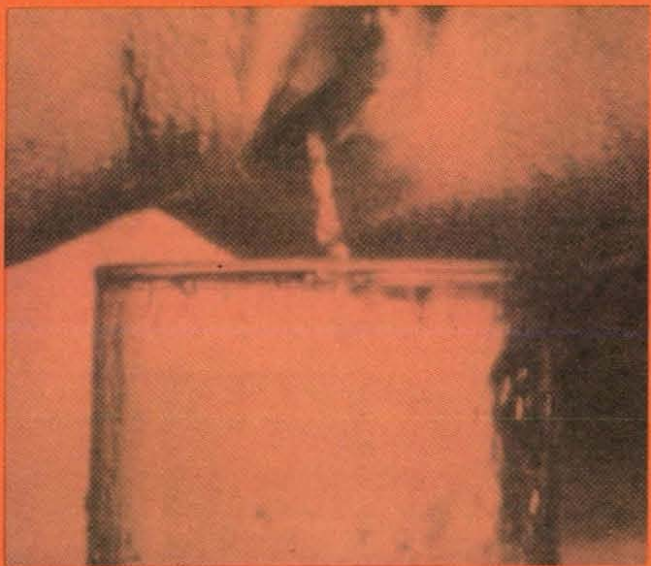


## POWER TO THE PISSERS

"Golden Shower," one of the moist—ah—most submerged sexual fetishes, is receiving a flood of popularity of late. Evidently a lot of American fetish fans don't agree with the old dictum that, "It's better to be pissed-off than pissed on." The organ that's been stirring up these turgid waters and is currently making waves all around the world is *Water & Power*, a succulent magazine published by Roxbury Press. In it, you will find the rules and regulations of all the various water sports, from rubber sheet requirements for wet rainbows, to the flushing world of enemas.

If this is your idea of an inundating wet dream, you'll want to take a leak—er—look at a copy of *Water & Power*. Send \$6.00 to 256 South

Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211. It's a real pisser.



## BIKINI PANTY SLIP-UP

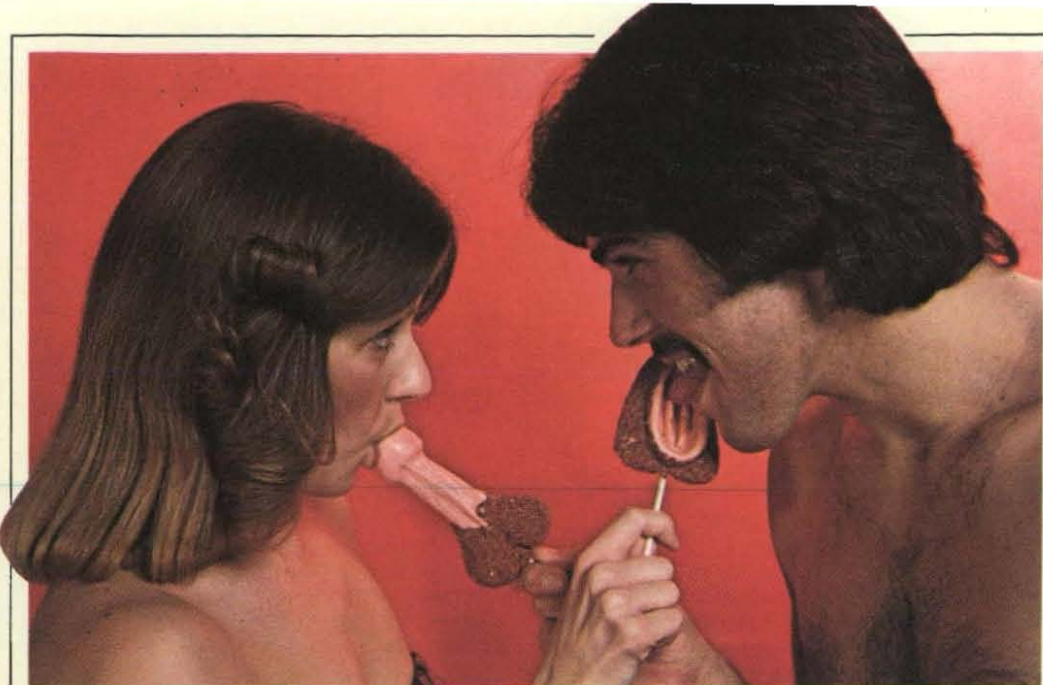
Pubic exhibitionism seems to be sweeping through the ranks of underwear models in mail-order catalogs. First it was the cocky boxer-shorts guy in the Sears Fall & Winter catalog ("Sears-Sucker Suit," Bits & Pieces, January, 1976). Now we find a perky pussy winking out at us from the bikini panty section of Alden's Fall & Winter catalog as well. Hello dere!

We don't know if the mail-order companies (whose cata-

logs are the traditional turn-on method for folks in erotica-starved rural areas) are trying to muscle in on HUSTLER's unique "open pussy" style (and shaven, too—as if we didn't already have enough imitators!). Maybe this is some esoteric way for the Alden girl to respond to the visual mating call transmitted by Mr. Sears-Sucker Suit—like answering the personal ads in the swingers' mags. If so, we wish both

of them would check in with us. We'll see if we can't arrange

for them to be married on the "Tonight Show."



## ALL-NIGHT SUCKERS

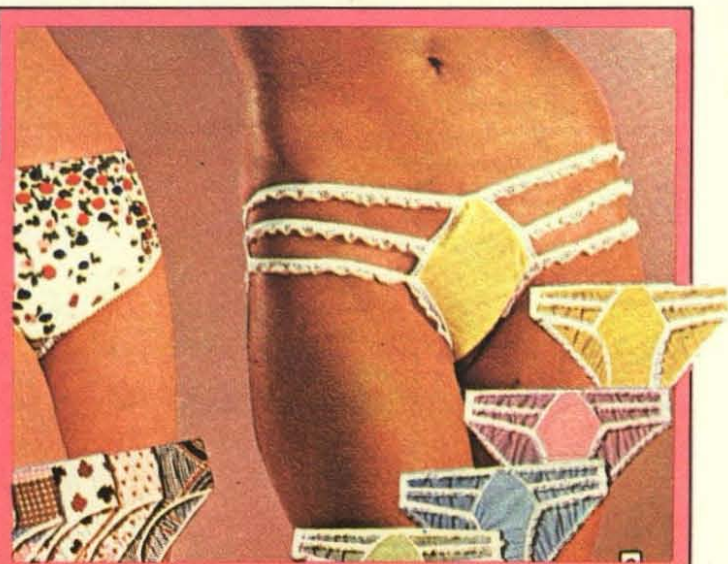
Two of the tastiest treats on the market today are these sweet little mouthfuls, designed to last a long, long time...the candy, not the couple, dummy! Actually, these chewy treats are part of a whole assortment of cleverly-shaped erotic candy which our bosom buddies at Leasure Time Products are now offering to those who want more of the ol' Good'n'Plenty.

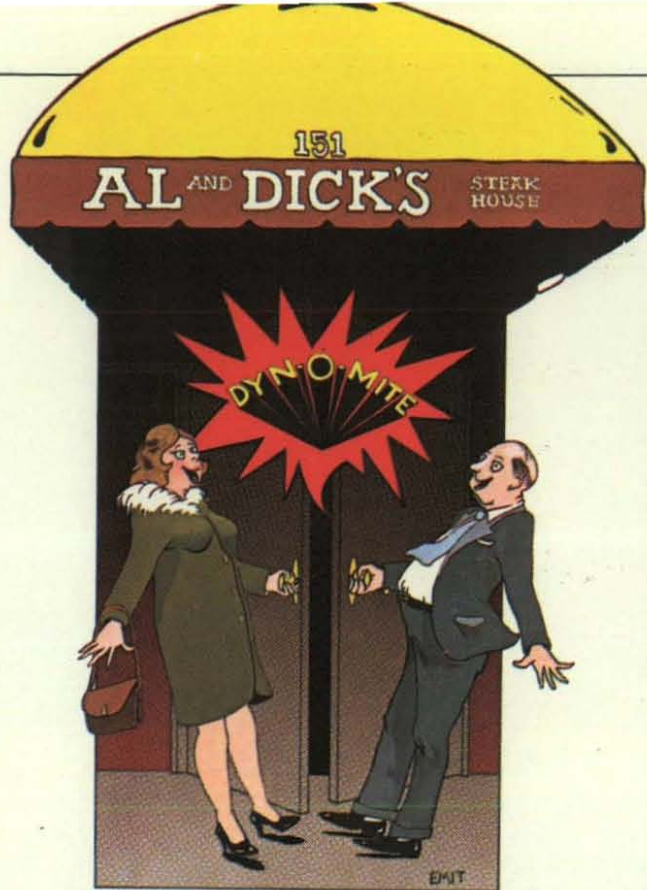
Crafty seducers and seductresses have found that these organic sweets make excellent icebreakers (if not jawbreakers). By offering the appropri-

ate piece, the cordial cherry instantly signals her oral tastes, while Mr. Goodbar is given the chance to check out his sweetie's stick-licking style at the same time.

So, munch a bunch the next time you're in the mood for the meal you can make at home. You won't be sorry you ate the hole thing.

To order each of these succulent goodies, send \$5.25 in check or money order to Leasure Time Products, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.





## HUSTLER'S NEW YORK HOT SPOT

Under the awninged entrance to Al & Dick's Steak House (151 West 54th Street) pass some of New York City's finest up-and-coming comedians. Like Gotham's other comedy cabarets (The Improv and Catch A Rising Star), Al & Dick's "Showoff's Showcase" offers novice stand-up comics exposure to a live audience, while the patrons get a free preview peek at the comedic talent which will probably be headlining the Johnny Carson show a few years hence.

Jimmy ("Good Times") Walker and Freddie ("Chico and the Man") Prinze got their starts in this comedy showcase milieu, so there's a tinge

of this-kid-will-be-big excitement in catching a new act at Al & Dick's. Also, "Showoff's Showcase" is staged by the veteran comedy talent producer, Ed Sommerfeld (who manages comic Rodney Dangerfield and impressionist David Frye), which means that established nightclub stars often drop in to check out friend Eddie's new talent and occasionally join in the entertainment on an impromptu basis.

Entertainment is nightly (except Sunday), and there is no minimum or cover charge at any time. So stop in for a juicy steak—and some gags—the next time you're in the Big Apple.

## SHORT STROKES

A sign on the door of an up-and-coming massage parlor in Palo Alto, California: "Out to Lunch—Beat It." (From Herb Caen's column, *San Francisco Chronicle*.)

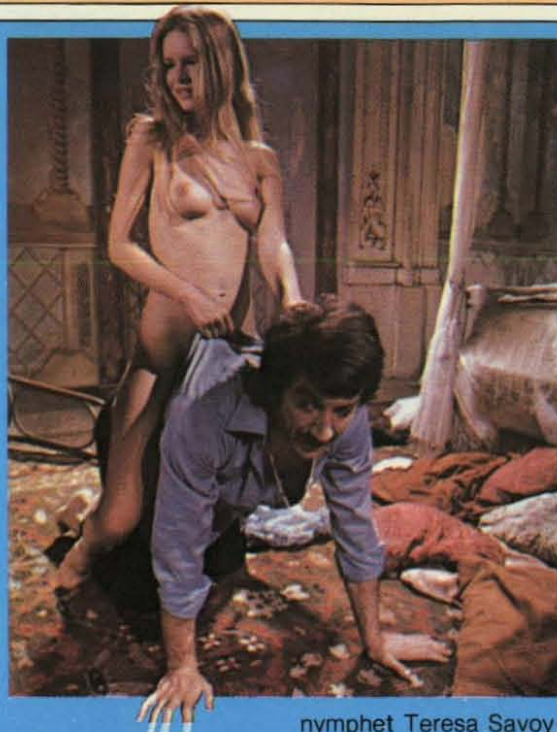
"The energy crisis has done for big-car sales what panty hose did for finger-fucking." — a General Motors sales executive, during a press interview at a National Automobile Dealers Association convention.

## RAVING REVEREND ARRESTED

PALO ALTO, CAL.—A self-appointed man of the cloth tried to make a citizen's arrest on a pair of buxom masseuses at a local massage parlor, but instead he wound up spending the night in the slammer himself.

Police said Jerold Edward Shoman, 47, entered the Tender Loving Care parlor and paid \$20 for a rub-down. He also allegedly paid \$45 for a sex act on the side. Officers said he then proceeded to his car, where he collected a toy gun, and called the police while holding the two women at (toy) gunpoint.

Upon arrival, officers arrested Shoman for false imprisonment and left the girls alone.



## CLEANING UP THEIR ACT

No, this is *not* a scene from the sequel to Mel Brooks' comedy western, *Blazing Saddles*. It's a new Buckley Brothers release, *Bambina*, the tragic story of a poor, psychotic girl looking for love, understanding, and sex. However, you might understandably think that it's a limp loop from Brooks' *Young Frankenstein*, judging by the way the Buckley (producers of such hard-core favorites as *Screw on the Screen*) have shamefully gutted this Italian-made erotic film.

*Bambina* is still a turn-on, due to the innocent sensuality of 16-year-old candy-cracked

nymphet Teresa Savoy in the title role. Originally, *Bambina* was to have been the first above-ground, nationally-distributed erotic movie in which an actress (Teresa) actually takes a crap on film! Her smitten lover then willingly catches her fallout in his waiting palms as lasting proof of his sincere devotion. Unfortunately, that is one scene you'll never get to see, because the Buckley Brothers decided that American audiences weren't ready to swallow the "shit sequence" and they flushed it down the drain. It looks to us like the Buckley boys caved in to commercial considerations in the end, and it probably won't be long before they start producing things like *Bambina Meets Godzilla*.



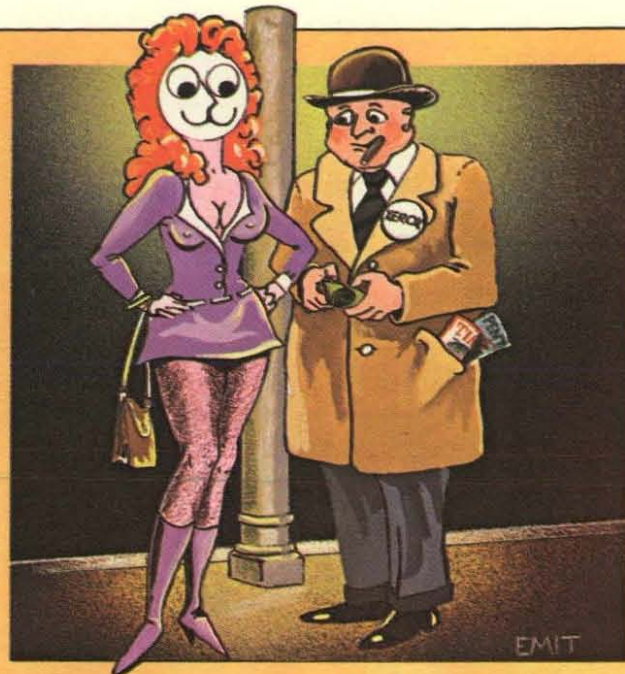
## TOM'S DICK AIN'T HAIRY

Fetishes are coming fast and furious of late. It was only last month when we told you about "Toe-Job," the latest craze among foot-fondlers, and now we're reporting the rise of the shaven pecker.

So many fad-conscious fellas were inspired by the girl-getting power of Kojak's shiny skull that they decided to turn the Trac-Il tables on all those HUSTLER-style hairless honeys. Working themselves up into a lusty lather, the Wilkinson Swordsmen then proceeded to prune their prick-foliage, giving them a smooth-

skinned appearance which will hopefully be so erotically stimulating to their girl friends' beardless beavers that it will result in a plucked fuck. But, as you can see, it can be a mind-blowing experience when a horny hussy peels the zipper and discovers something other than the usual "thing."

We don't know if bald balls and a clean-cut cock provide the skin she loves to touch, but we *do* feel that it's a sensitive area which demands intensive scrutiny—not to mention a whole lot of Johnson's Baby Powder.



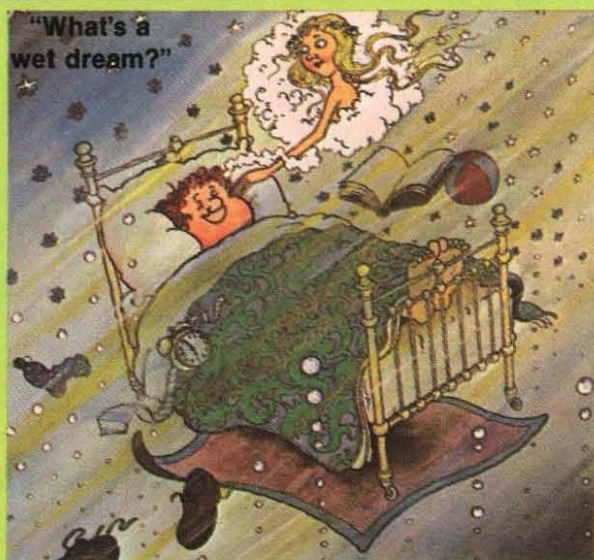
## ESQUIRE: A WHORE-IBLE MAGAZINE?

"Ah, lessee... I'll take a blow-job from *Esquire*, a French 'n' fuck from *New Times*, and a rim-job from *Penthouse*," belches the multi-billion dollar corporation, thumbing its greasy bankroll, "and don't make no funny remarks about my cock if you want your money."

This fanciful scenario could become reality if other megabusinesses follow Xerox's lead in paying magazines to feature articles commissioned by them, as *Esquire* did in its February issue. By accepting

Xerox's "sponsored" article, money-hungry *Esquire* has opened the floodgates for a deluge of "editorial/advertisements" that could appear in the very near future. We might see things like "How to Pick a Good Car," by General Motors, "The Best Fifty-cent Hamburger in the World," by McDonald's, and "What's Wrong with the Democrats," by the Republican National Committee.

It turns our stomach to see honest journalism prostituted to the extent that a magazine—or a portion thereof—can be bought like a piece of ass on 42nd Street. Freedom of the press is one thing you don't put a price tag on... or so we thought.



## THE ESSENCE OF PUBESCENCE

Remember what a nightmare it was back in your adolescence when your face started sprouting pimples and zits?

Remember how embarrassed you were about wet dreams and masturbation? And how worried you were that you'd never—but *never*—start growing pubic hair?

Well, that rascally publisher Lyle Stuart has come to the rescue, so that never again will a teenager have to be confused or worried when his or her body passes through puberty. Lyle brought back the entertaining team of writer Arthur Robins and illustrator Peter Mayle (remember last March's B&P item "Where Did I Come From?") and asked

them to turn their talents to taking some of the sting out of adolescent sex problems.

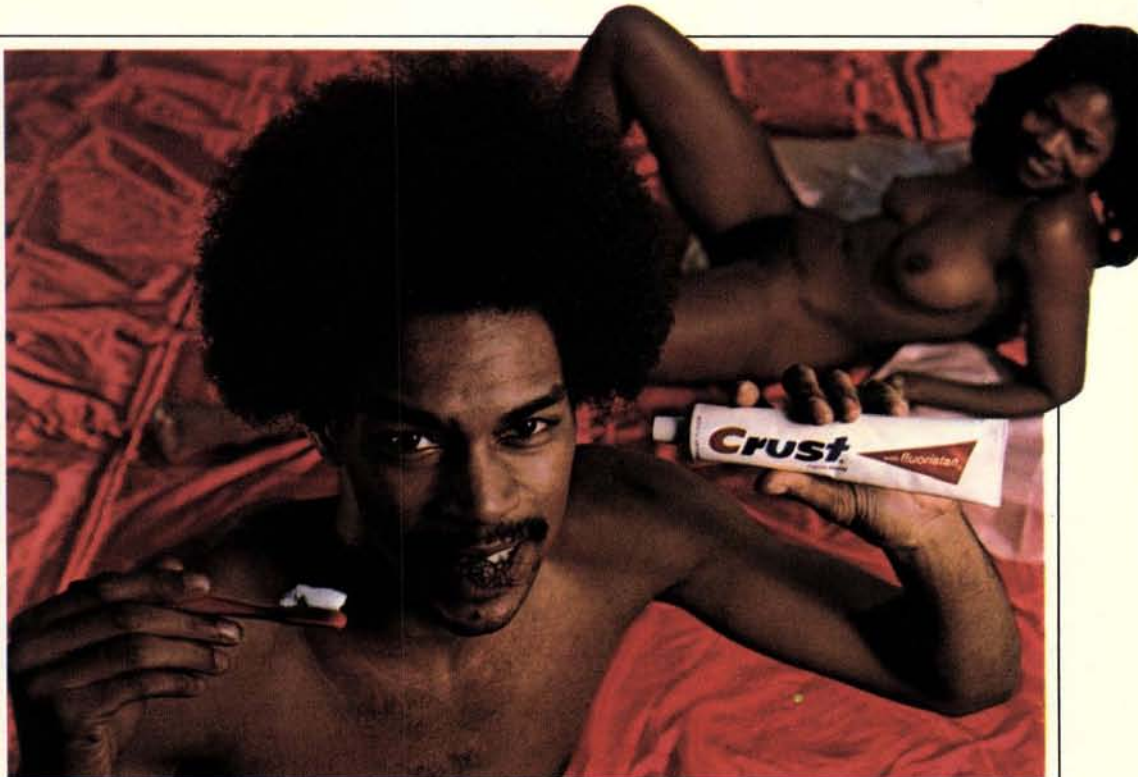
The result is a brand-new book entitled "What's Happening To Me?" wherein the facts of life during puberty are presented with honesty, sympathy, and a sense of humor. If you know any juveniles who are passing through that wonderful, worrisome stage, get them a copy of "What's Happening To Me?" and they'll love you for life. Send \$7.95 to Lyle Stuart, Inc., 120 Enterprise Ave., Secaucus, New Jersey 07094.

## THE CAVITY-PRONE YEARS

*Crust*, the dentifrice for your orifice, has been shown to be an effective dental depilatory when used in a conscientiously applied program of violent cunnilingus and rapid rim-jobs.

Ages 13 through 69 are the follicle-prone years for dedicated pussy-eaters. So, ladies, if the man in your life is fond of chomping your cavity, make sure he brushes after every meal, using five strokes on each tooth.

If you're not absolutely satisfied with the hair-raising results of *Crust*, simply return the unused portion of the tube to Prickter & Dangle. They will gladly return the unused portion of your money.



## WHAT A PIECE OF CRAP!

### HORSESHIT



THE OFFENSIVE REVIEW

*Horseshit* magazine is about as entertaining as an aborigine's armpit. The talented Dunker brothers—Tom (writer) and Bob (illustrator)—have been hawking their homemade "Offensive Review" with moderate success for the past ten years. During the late '60s, when *Horseshit* first saw print, its iconoclastic artwork and weirdly-warped articles were fresh, innovative and a tribute to freethinking and outspoken Americans everywhere. But it hasn't had a new issue in the past five years; jokes that once stirred our consciousness and made us gag on our own bile now only merit a nod of the


head, a turn of the page, and a yawn.

For its time, *Horseshit* was great gross-out stuff—a sort of forerunner to *HUSTLER*—and, as such, we salute the Dunker brothers for their achievements. In other words, we think *Horseshit* stinks—which is a compliment. But it should be explained that a lot of the magazine's humor has since gone stale and lost its tangy, turd-like taste. If you want to sniff out the real poop on *Horseshit*, send \$10 (for four issues) or \$5 (for two issues) to Equine Products, Box 361, Hermosa Beach, California 90254.



ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT TO THE WASHINGTON STAR,  
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1975.

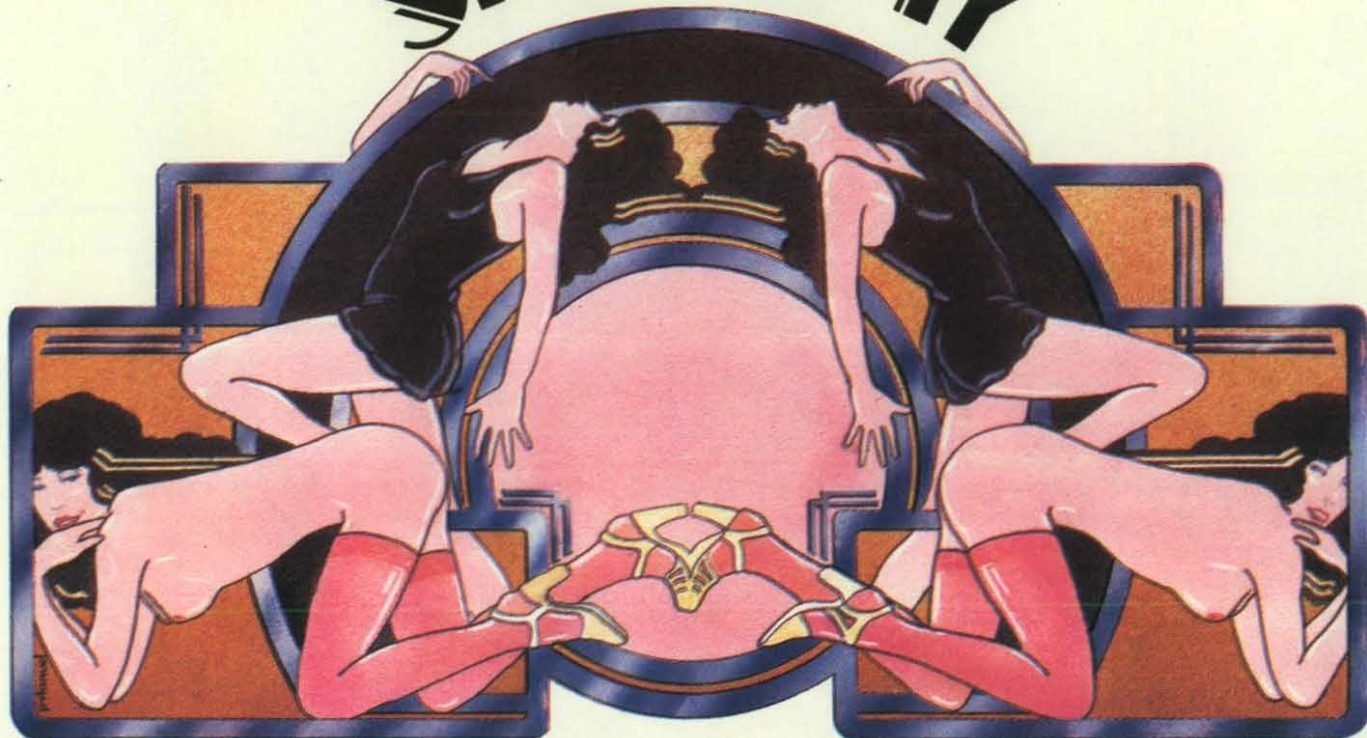
If you have Bits & Pieces of Interesting or unusual Information, pass them along to *HUSTLER*. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips, and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Our gratitude, along with 50 bucks apiece, goes to the following contributors to this month's Bits & Pieces: Dennis Hayes, James Spangler, John Keefauver, Herm Albright, Jim Atkins & Bobby Sanchez, and Glory-Us Productions. Thanx also to Monte Goodman's City Gift Shoppe, and to the erotic candymakers at Leisure Time Products for providing us with the novelty items used in these photos. 



"Think I caught the li'l sumbitch from a whore in Tijuana, Doc..."

# SEX PLAY



## Talk Dirty and Turn Women On

**HUSTLER** invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the twelfth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for **HUSTLER**. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you had thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Farr

If you saw *Last Tango In Paris* (and if you didn't, you should—it's an incredibly erotic film), you will remember the scene in which Marlon Brando takes a pair of scissors, cuts Maria Schneider's fingernails very short, and has her jam them up his ass. This turned him on, but you may wonder what Maria Schneider got out of it, especially if you remember what Brando was saying to her while she did it. He was talking dirty. She just melted into Brando while he was talking to her.

The point is that talking dirty can be a turn-on; and if it's done right, it can be an *incredible* turn-on. The mind is the most important sex organ, and it can be reached by words as well as by physical contact. When making love, we can also enjoy saying things to each other that we don't

ordinarily say, just as we enjoy feeling parts of each other's bodies that we don't usually feel. All those great words: fuck, screw, shit, piss, prick, cunt, clit, cock, etc., have the sacred power to arouse the erotic forces in us. One of the reasons these words are often banned from polite usage is to preserve their strength. Overuse would dull their impact and detract from their primordial powers.

Let's suppose that you have met a woman who turns you on and with whom you hope eventually to go to bed. You are pursuing her with your charms, trying to get her as turned on to you as you are to her. Now obviously, you are not going to assault her with a string of dirty words at this stage—that would probably be the quickest way to turn her off. However, as your relationship progresses, after you have her

alone in a darkened room, or, in some cases, after you have already made love to her and want to turn her on to new heights, you might want to try talking dirty.

Take her hand and slide it over your prick. Ask her, "What do you feel?"

"I feel your prick," she'll answer. If she does not, coach her. Have her say again and again, "I feel your prick. I feel your prick, prick, prick." Have her say it until the word starts to fill her throat; make her play with the word in her mouth while she is playing with your prick in her hand.

"Where is it going to go?"

"It's going into my cunt, into my cunt." Have her repeat it again and again until she can feel it. "I can feel your prick coming into my cunt."

While she is talking, start to play with the outside of her cunt with your fingers, but

don't put them inside. Let her say the words, feeling it in her *imagination*, before she feels it for real. That's the whole point of talking dirty. Keep her imagination ahead of reality, so that the real thing is even more of a turn-on when it happens.

Continuing, you say, "Open your legs, reach down, and open your cunt with your hands. Feel it opening."

"I feel my cunt opening," she might reply. "What does your cunt want in it?"

"My cunt wants your prick in it. It wants your prick in it. Oh, God, how I want it!"

When she is thus warmed up, you will find yourself entering a cunt which is more primed, more turned on, and more eager for your prick than any cunt you have ever been in. And once you're in, talking dirty has only gotten started. It can be as much of a turn-on throughout your lovemaking as it was while getting in.

"Where is my prick?" you can ask.

"Your prick is in my cunt," she answers.

"What is it doing there?"

"It's fucking me. It's fucking me. Your prick is in my cunt, fucking me, fucking me. Oh, fuck me!"

Your imagination can take it from there.

The writer James Joyce, whose *Ulysses* was one of the first erotic works allowed into the country, had a lively and dirty correspondence with his wife. Referring to her as his naughty little fuckbird and describing in detail their sexual acts in his letters, Joyce revved up her sexual energy for an impassioned relationship. (See *The Selected Letters of James Joyce* in this month's X-rated Book Reviews.)

Some people can really get into words like "cunt" and "prick"; others like to make up their own private words. In *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, Lady Chatterly and her lover, the gamekeeper, make up their own words for their private parts. Lady Chatterly's cunt is Lady Jane, and her lover's prick is John Thomas. If my memory serves me correctly, Lady Chatterly's ass is Lady Ann. They were all brought together in a song by the Rolling Stones.

Lady Chatterly and her lover play their games, and John Thomas, Lady Jane, and Lady Ann play theirs. Lady Chatterly and her lover get endless fun out of talking about John Thomas and Lady Jane, what they are doing, what they want, and how they feel. You might want to try making up your own pet names, or you might be happy with the familiar words, like "prick" and "cunt."

Of course, talking dirty can be as imaginative as your lovemaking (if not more so). Talking to your partner about eating her, or having her suck you off, can go with oral sex. Talking to her about your wanting to get into her ass can turn her on to anal sex. Wetting your finger in your mouth and

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# Talking dirty is a great way to stir up erotic fantasies.

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running it over her buttock until the tip of the moist finger touches her asshole, you might say, "I can feel your asshole. I can feel my fingers working into you. I want to be in you there. Oh, how I want my prick in your ass, feeling it reaching up deep inside you, deep into your bowels."

Fucking a woman in the ass is a very delicate operation, requiring her to relax to the utmost. Talking to her is the best way to help her relax. If she is on her back, you can lift her legs up high and say, "I can see everything between your legs. Your slit and the lips around it are all pink and opened-up like the petals of a flower, and below that I can see your brown, wrinkled ass, which is where I want to be." As you carefully work into her, you can say, "Relax and feel yourself opening up. Feel your ass opening as I come into it, filling you, entering deep inside you."

If you have been thinking about group sex, you might want to try it first in fantasy. Talking dirty is a great way to stir up erotic fantasies. While you are making love to your partner with her on top, you might say, "While I am in your cunt, you could have

another man in your ass, which is sticking so prettily up in the air."


Working your fingers into her ass, you say, "Imagine another prick coming into your ass, filling you up. The two pricks are rubbing against each other through the membranes of your ass and your cunt, filling both your openings." It's a great fantasy. If you really wanted to make it happen, you probably could arrange it with some effort. However, with no effort at all, you can talk about it in bed.

Just by talking you can go through an entire group sex seduction in fantasy. You and your partner could pick another couple you would like to make it with and take turns developing the story of the meeting and seduction, giving detailed descriptions of who does what with whom. Play it to the hilt; imagine everything both of you ever wanted to do, with all the juicy details. After all, it's your story, and you are the ones who are talking dirty. Of course, your fantasies need in no way be limited to group sex; in fact, they shouldn't be limited at all. It's only talk. You and your partner know best what your fantasies are.

Once you get into the habit of talking dirty with your partner, the sky's the limit. You may even find that your partner is a real natural for talking dirty; many women are. They just don't know it because nobody ever got them started. That's your job.

There are also various games you can play with dirty words, either with your partner or with a small group. One game to play with intimate friends is to have everyone write his most favorite and least favorite sex act on a slip of paper, fold it up, and put it in a bowl. When everyone has put two pieces of paper in the bowl, take them out, one at a time. With each slip of paper, the group tries to guess who wrote it and whether it is the least favorite or most favorite sex act. The game can lead to a lot of fun.

Whisper sweet nothings in her ear—but where do you whisper *dirty* sweet nothings? In bed, of course, but as long as you are whispering, you can really do it anywhere. You can do it at a party and get your partner so turned on that she wants to leave. Do it in the movies, and you might end up making out. You can do it in a crowded elevator and share some erotic secret without anyone else knowing, or you can do it in an empty elevator, and if you both get turned on, see how far you dare go before the elevator gets to your floor.

Remember, sex is something we do with our whole selves, not just the sex organs. Both body and mind get turned on during really good sex. One way to turn the mind on is to say just the right thing at the right time. When that time arrives, don't be afraid to talk dirty. It can really pay off. 

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## THE PHILOSOPHER

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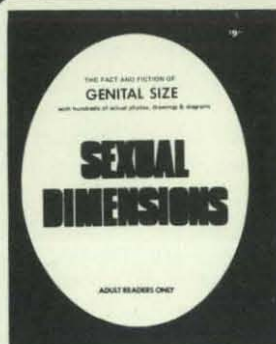
God has given a great deal to man, but  
man would like something from man.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

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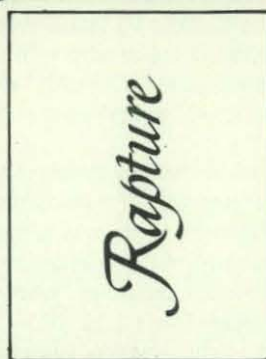
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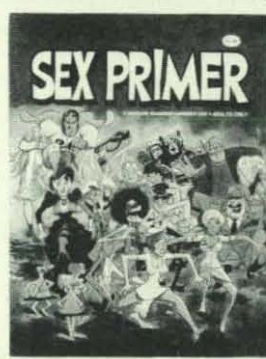
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# SEX BITS



**SAN FRANCISCO (HNS)** — Sexual promiscuity is affecting the eyesight of thousands of people each year, according to a team of ophthalmologists at the University of California at San Francisco.

Dr. Jang O. Oh and his colleagues have traced a new strain of eye infection to venereal disease and other genital infections spread by increased sexual activity.

People with VD of the eyes suffer from redness, soreness, pain, a pus-like discharge from the eyes, and reduced vision, Oh says.

**LAFAYETTE (HNS)** — The impersonality of modern life in the U.S., resulting from both technology and fear of sexual implications, has created a caste of untouchables—people who avoid physical and eye contact with others—notes a group of researchers at Purdue University.

In an experiment that involved nothing more intimate than library clerk-participants ever-so-briefly touching the hands of strangers returning cards, the researchers found that—sexual overtones aside—touching and being touched have a powerful effect on the emotions and state of mind.

Some people were so uptight about themselves and their relationships with others that they literally recoiled when touched. Others—sometimes touched so briefly they didn't even remember it—experienced a significant improvement in their self-image and attitude toward their environment.

The researchers added that adverse cultural conditioning regarding the morality of sex was responsible for making people "touchy about being touched" and limiting their lives to a kind of hell on earth.

**STANFORD (HNS)** — Exceptionally intelligent women are more likely to become professionals, be employed full-time, have fewer children, be divorced more often, and

## HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

**Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.**

Compiled by  
Richard Crownover

have happier lives than less intelligent women, according to an on-going study by Stanford University psychologists.

In the mid-1920s, Stanford psychologist Lewis Terman identified 671 schoolgirls with IQs of 135 or higher. Over the next 50 years the same girls were surveyed nine times to find out what had happened to them and how they felt about their lives.

Of the 430 women who responded to the last survey, 65 percent were still married (some of them to their fourth husbands!), 15 percent were widowed, 11 percent were divorced or separated, and 9 percent were single.

The income of the smart women who worked—and most did—was more than double that of less intelligent women.

**DOVER (HNS)** — Psychiatrists who prescribe and administer sexual contact to patients who come to them for mental therapy are practicing on very thin sheets, according to Rachel T. Hare-Mustin of the University of Delaware.

Pointing out that psychiatrists are obligated by the "Ethical Standards of Psychiatry" to acknowledge their own competence and limitations, Hare-Mustin said, "Therapists must ask themselves if they

have had training that qualifies them to use sexual intercourse as a therapeutic method."

Bringing the problem down to an even more personal level, Hare-Mustin said that the shrinks, usually male, who prescribe sex for patients, should apply the same rules to all their patients—men as well as women, and the old and ugly as well as the young and sexually attractive.

A survey of cases involving sexual contact between therapists and their clients revealed that all of the doctors were men over the age of 40, and all the patients—except one—were women 10 to 25 years younger than the therapists.

**WASHINGTON, D. C. (HNS)** — There are three things that stand out about the increased sexual freedom of American women, notes the *Futurist*. The first is the number who have had, or are having, sexual intercourse before marriage, the second is the number who have engaged in extramarital sex after marriage, and the third is the rapidly growing popularity of fellatio and cunnilingus.

From 1953 to 1973, the number of women under 25 who had had premarital intercourse went from 33 percent to 90 percent, according to the famous *Redbook* report on contemporary sexuality among 100,000 of its female readers.

In 1953 only nine percent of the 25-year-old married women reported that they had had extramarital intercourse. By 1975 this figure had jumped to 25 percent for women who had been married for just a few years and were still between the ages of 20 and 24.

For older women, the figures were significantly higher—27 percent for wives between 35 and 39 who were not employed outside the home, and 47 percent for those in the same age group who were wage earners.

In the Kinsey report on the sexual be-

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havior of women in 1953, half of the women surveyed said they had performed oral-genital sex on a male partner, and slightly more than half said they had experienced cunnilingus performed by husbands or boyfriends.

The latest survey shows that 91 percent of all wives from 20 to 39 have engaged in fellatio. Forty percent of the women said they performed fellatio regularly; 45 percent said they engaged in the practice "occasionally."

Speaking of fellatio and cunnilingus, *Redbook* called them "a natural source of physical and emotional gratification."

**STONY BROOK, N.Y. (HNS)** — A program to improve the sexual relations of normal couples, developed by psychologists Joseph LoPiccolo of the State University of New York and Vinnie Miller of the University of Oregon, is proving so successful that it may eventually be offered in communities across the country.

The initial phase of the program is conducted by a male-female team during several three-hour sessions over one weekend, with a follow-up meeting two weeks later. The system combines two therapeutic methods—the humanistic encounter-group approach and behavioral conditioning.

A typical program is attended by three couples. The first session helps the participants overcome their hangups about using sex words, eliminating a major communications block.

In the second session, the couples learn how to openly discuss their sexual goals and desires. The third session covers the mistakes most couples make in initiating and refusing sexual activity. The fourth has instruction in the Masters and Johnson positions for genital caressing.

Next come turn-ons and turn-offs—the things that make or break a sexual encounter for an individual man or woman. This is followed by a session on instantaneous feedback—telling your sex partner what to do and what not to do to give you the most pleasure.

The wrap-up session includes sensory awareness, movies showing sexual activity, and a review which requires each couple to write out a two-week plan for sexual activity. Each plan is then read aloud for suggestions by the rest of the group.

**THE PHILOSOPHER**  
My body separates me from every being  
and from every thing. Nothing but my  
body.  
ANTONIO PORCHIA

**CHICAGO (HNS)** — Traditional courtship—entertainment, double-dating, group-dating, and delayed sex—is for the birds, not for humans, claim sexy psychologists Albert Ellis and Will Schutz.

At a recent meeting of the Association for Humanistic Psychology in Chicago, Ellis and Schutz presented a program on "Sex Courtship: Cultivation of Dullness or Joy," in which they said courtship should be open, honest, and sexual.

Ellis, the most forward of the two, said American society is "riddled with lies" and that people should stop trying to be "right" and just be themselves.

He advised men and women looking for mates (courting!) to pick up anybody they could, any time, any place, force themselves "to take risks," and proceed to a sexual relationship if at all possible.

**LONDON (HNS)** — Some people have an instinct about how to turn members of the opposite sex on, even when their natural assets are limited. Others never learn how to use what they have, like their eyes, says Professor Eckhard Hess.

Hess recently completed an experiment in which he says he proved "scientifically" what folk wisdom has known since the dawn of man—that both men and women are turned on sexually by large eye pupils.

Women with a wide-eyed look come across to men as more feminine, prettier, softer, and sexier than those with smaller pupils, Hess said. Men with the same look are regarded by women as romantic, loving, tender, big-hearted, etc., he added.

In earlier years, European ladies used to put belladonna in their eyes to enlarge their pupils.

**LOS ANGELES (HNS)** — A feminist is an ugly woman who can't compete in the sexual arena and is therefore out to change the game—or at least, that is the standard stereotype widespread among both men and women.

Psychologist Philip Goldberg put this stereotype to the test, and he found that the myth of the ugly feminist was alive and well.

Surprisingly, Goldberg found that women as well as men believe in the ugly feminist stereotype, but an even greater surprise was that feminists themselves buy the myth "that beauties aren't feminists, and feminists aren't beauties."

Both beauties and beasts were found in equal numbers among supporters and non-supporters of the women's lib movement, and both supporters and non-supporters tend to vote the straight ugly-feminist ticket, Goldberg added. **DD**

# HEIDI

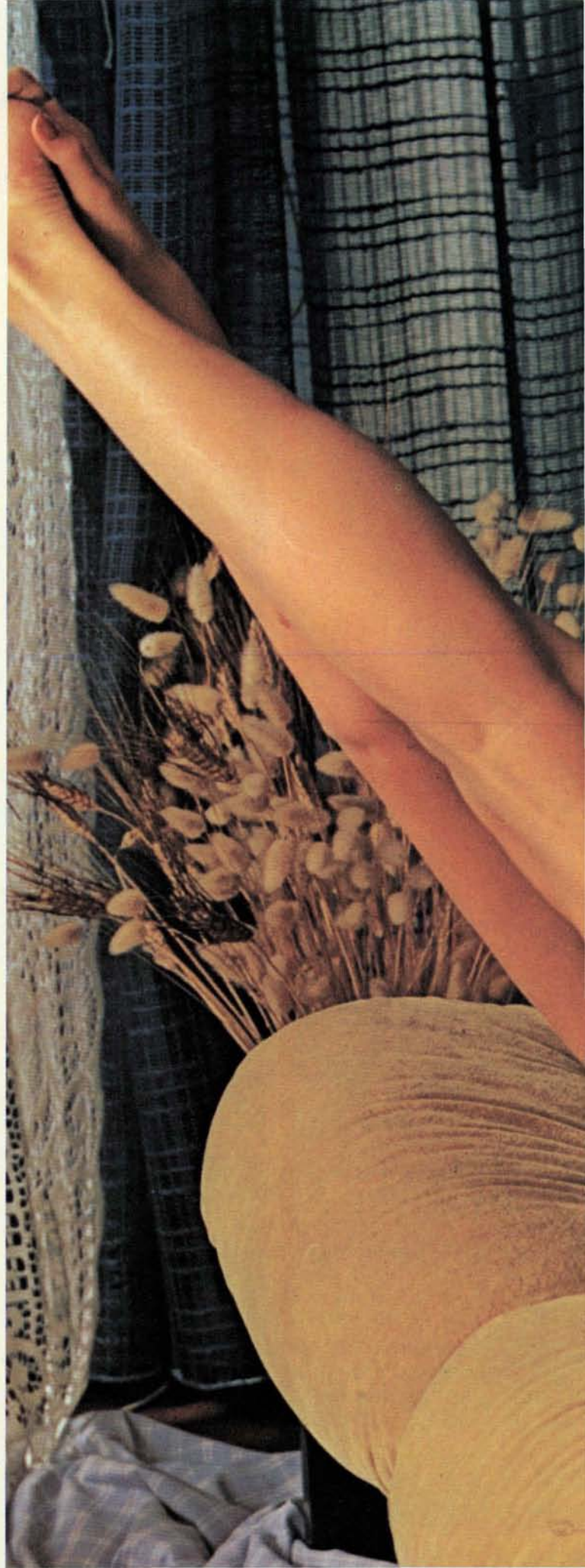
for the  
first time

*Heidi is one girl  
who doesn't agree  
with the conven-  
tional wisdom that,  
where sex is con-  
cerned, there can  
never be a time quite  
so thrilling as the  
first time.*





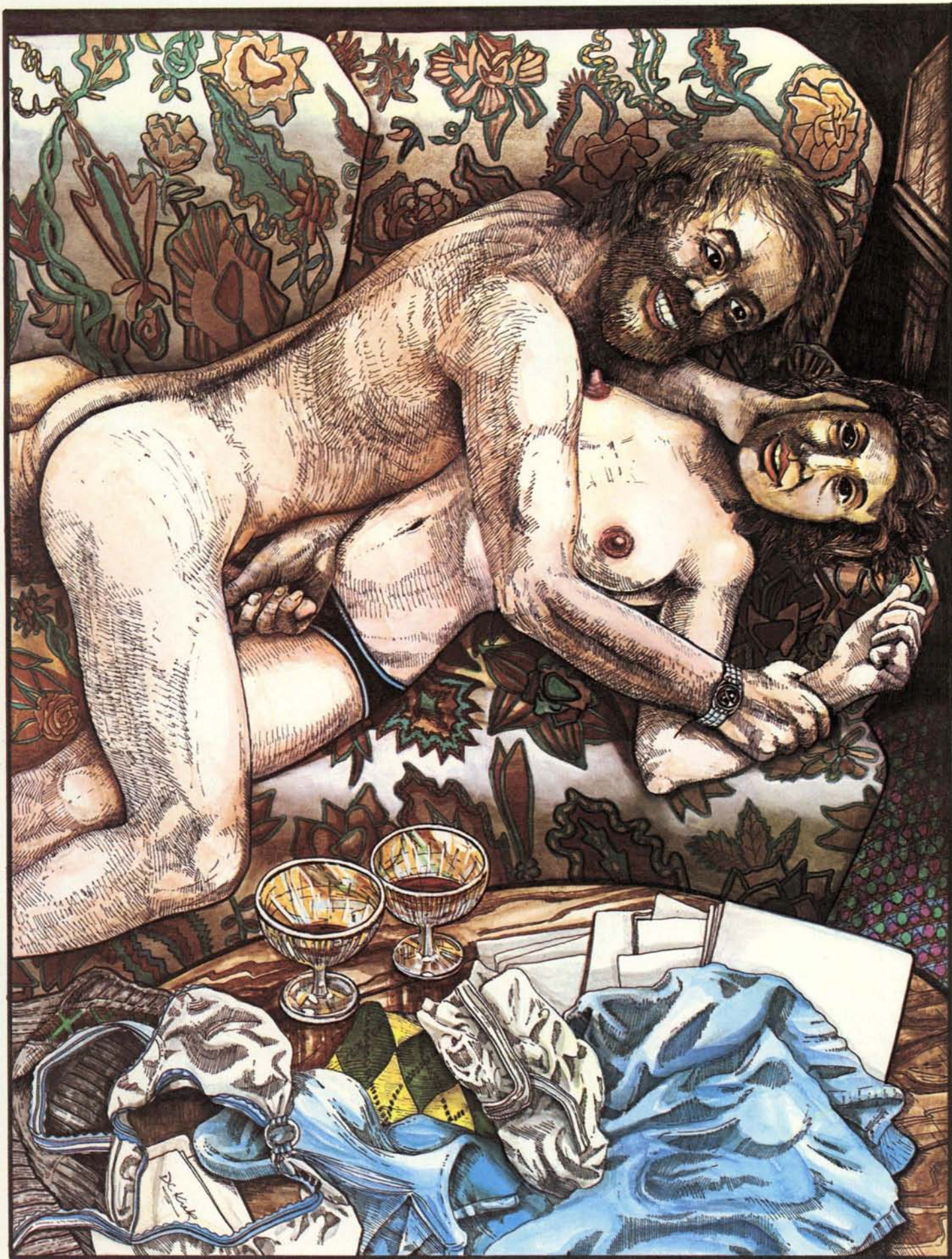






"When you're young and in love," says Heidi, "you're convinced that lovemaking will never again be so sweet. And because of that, far too many girls waste their youth, staying with the same guy who happened to turn her on to that unique mixture of mystical emotions and grinding sensual pleasure. I have always gotten off on the diversity of men—how each man's individual musk and the texture of his skin make him totally different from every other man in the world. That way, each new sexual encounter is like rediscovering the sensational delights of sex for the first time. He slowly draws me out of my natural hesitancy, thrusting powerfully again and again and again until I give myself over to him completely, arching my back and heaving my hips and breasts against him so frantically that I never want to let him go. During those hours of unspeakable ecstasy, each new man is all I need, and all I will ever need."





# SUSAN BROWNMILLER ON RAPE:

This year, **Time** magazine took the peculiar step of presenting its Man of the Year award to a coterie of twelve women. One of these is Susan Brownmiller, authoress of **Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape**. Ms. Brownmiller's inordinate interest in the subject of rape began at a Socialist Worker's Party meeting at Columbia University in 1970, where heated events caused her to stand up and shout, "Rape is a political crime against women!"

Since that time, the feminist has become involved in several other legal and civil rights issues. In 1974, she proved herself to be a tenacious advocate of censorship by supporting Manhattan's acting-District Attorney, Richard Kuh, because he had forcefully and successfully prosecuted comedian Lenny Bruce. More recently—and especially since her book made **The New York Times**' best-seller list—Ms. Brownmiller has germinated into one of America's most outspoken women, continually claiming that all men are rapists, and that all men's magazines serve only to foster sexual violence against women and should therefore be banned.

Due to Ms. Brownmiller's influence on the actions and opinions of millions of American women, **HUSTLER** feels that the following article is of extreme importance. Therefore, we contacted Ms. Brownmiller for comments on the facts discussed in this article, but she chose to fend off the direct questions, preferring to clamor about how horrified she was at **HUSTLER**'s content and how degrading it must be to publish such a filthy magazine—even though she hesitantly admitted that she had never seen a copy. In this article, Norman Jackson Smith demonstrates a far more intimate knowledge of his subject than she of us.

My palm massaged authoress Susan Brownmiller's naked breasts as our tongues snaked into each other's mouths.

Throughout the torrid kiss, Susan continued to root at my lap, alternately stroking and squeezing my engorged penis. It was an inquisitive grope, as though by a hand which had not fondled many cocks.

When our tongues uncoupled at last, Susan moaned, "Oh, God, I'm so hot!"

It was an evening in August, 1970. The setting was the sofa in the parlor of Susan Brownmiller's rented cottage at Robin's Rest, Fire Island.

Susan and I had met only that summer. While our attraction was founded mainly on the shared professional interests of two struggling free-lancers, there was also a strong charge of male-female chemistry between us. Hence our tryst this August evening.

"Do I excite you, Jackson? Do you want to be inside me?" Susan gurgled close to my ear, before wiring it for electricity with her tongue.

I remember Susan as a compliant girl with an appealing strain of wistfulness in her personality. Though she wrote tough-talking women's lib diatribes for *The Village Voice*, *The New York Times*, and occasionally for national magazines like *Esquire* and *Vogue*, she was not a hostile bitch in person. Far from it. She seemed to leave her feminist militancy at the typewriter. In social discourse, Susan came off sounding soft and feminine in the old-fashioned way. Indeed, it would not be an overstatement to characterize her as the cuddly type.

Susan was on a hiatus from writing that summer of 1970. She was charging her batteries for a massive book she planned to write—something to do with the history and meaning of rape. It seemed to some of her friends like a screwy idea for a book.

In those years, I was eking out a living as

OPINION by  
Norman Jackson Smith

"STOP  
AND I'LL  
SCREAM!"

a writer of paperback sex novels. It was a wretched existence in terms of money, but it got me laid a lot. Girls were forever imagining that in real life I would be the same fabulous fucker as the heroes of my books, all of whom sported salami-sized cocks and regarded eight cums in an hour as mere foreplay. Even militant-feminist Susan proved susceptible to this romantic mix-up of a pornographer's fictional and factual prowess.

"Does this feel good, Jack?" she purred as she fondled my cock. And what a thrilling cock-fondler she was! The very fact that she lacked "technique" was a special turn-on. Instead of the businesslike piston strokes a lot of girls give you, Susan's touch was slow, tentative, and gentle—and therefore, excruciatingly arousing.

I did notice one thing—she was obviously more anxious to give genital fondling than to receive it. At the point where she was hand-jobbing me so raptly, I hadn't yet been able to coax her out of her panties so as to digitally do her in return. Her apparent preference for doing rather than being done puts me in mind of a later experience I had

with a lesbian. The lesbian girl would have no part of fucking but was keen to masturbate me. She said, "I love getting you off this way because it gives me a feeling of power over you." I wonder if the lesbian's power concept doesn't also square with the mind-set of a militant feminist. If so, it could help explain the masturbatory preferences Susan exhibited.

There isn't any chance that Susan Brownmiller is a lesbian, though. No female who could get as hot with a man as she got in my arms that night could be queer.

Susan gasped her pleasure as I lowered my mouth to her breasts. "Oh, yes, Jack, suck my nipples!"

Suck I did, with sensational results. In a trice the points of the Brownmiller nipples erected outward under my greedy tonguing. The length of her nipples is not only spectacular—it is startling. Naturally, I didn't put a ruler to them, but I would honestly peg Susan's mammary Washington Monuments at an erected height of at least three-quarters of an inch. They are certainly the most dramatically jutting nipples I have ever adored.

When our foreplay had reached a crescendo that indicated coition as the next step, I slid my hands up her legs with an eye to sliding her shorts down and off.

To my surprise and dismay, Susan chose this moment to imitate one of the clams in nearby Great South Bay. She clamped her silken thighs tightly shut.

"No, Jack," she said, "we can't go all the way."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to be unfaithful to my steady beau, Kevin."

Resuming my manual ministrations to her nipples in an attempt to hold her attention while we talked things over, I gently urged Susan to reconsider. Didn't she realize to what an excruciating brink she

had brought me, if not herself?

"I know, Jack," she said, petting my cock sympathetically. "And I want you, too, very much. But I'd feel just too horribly awful if I cheated on Kevin."

Further caresses and entreaties failed to undo Susan's resolve. Patently, she was not going to ball me that night.

I was about to flop back and light a cigarette when she said, "I know I've left you hanging cruelly, Jack. You're not going to rape me, are you?"

"Huh?"

"I said, you're not going to rape me because I stopped us at the last moment, are you?"

Rape her? What was she talking about? By no word or deed had I even remotely hinted at such an intention.

Regardless of that, Susan went on heatedly, "Please, don't rape me, Jack!"

I almost glanced over my shoulder to see if she was talking to some other guy. What the hell was coming off? Never mind that I was sitting there with my hands between my legs and my dick deflating to wet-noodle dimensions. My formerly passionate partner was suddenly raising the specter of my criminally assaulting her. I wondered if she imagined I was going to rape her with my big toe. Anyone could see that my cock was in no shape for the job.

Susan wouldn't stop her babbling in this vein. I must say her misgivings would have packed a more poignant punch if, at any point, she had attempted to put on her

clothes or scamper out of my arms' reach. She did neither.

I tried to calm her by articulating what should have gone without saying. I swore solemnly that I wouldn't rape her, then or ever.

My promises of non-violence had only minimal effect. After a bit, Susan's rape-rapping did turn from the specific to the general (i.e., even if Jack wasn't going to rape Susan, many men would have piled on forcibly under the circumstances), but I couldn't get her off the subject for the remainder of our suddenly-fizzled evening.

It seeped through to me at some point in the conversation that I was locked in a no-win situation. No diploma from the Johns Hopkins University College of Psychiatry was needed to ken that my otherwise sane and sensible fem-libber is a blithering wacko on the subject of rape. Her unprovoked overreaction there on the sofa shows that Susan suffers from an obsession by which she is profoundly tormented. At one and the same time, she lives in terror of rape and yearns passionately to be raped. Her symptoms are classic. Ask any head-shrinker. Susan's entreaties not to be molested came from only half her split psyche. The other half was silently begging to be taken. Her pleas for mercy were a perfect pathological case of "the lady doth protest too much" syndrome.

My no-win bind was that whether I raped her or not, I was bound to displease Susan. Which method of losing did I choose? I

might as well have flipped a coin, but I opted not to rape. This was only because I, personally, don't happen to get off on force. Under the circumstances, I'd have been in no bigger Dutch with Susan if I had elected to go ahead and jump her.

Susan and I didn't see much of each other after that night; certainly, there was no more sexual contact. I haven't seen her at all in the last two or three years, even though we live only a few blocks apart in Manhattan. If I had it to do again, I still wouldn't rape her, but I sure as hell wish she would have let us share a simple, uncomplicated fuck, if only that once. I know she'd have been a superlative piece. Until she contracted the rape loonies that evening, Susan was one of the hottest, cuddliest, most fuckable bundles of girl-flesh I've ever handled.

But now, six years later, I am appalled at my old fem-lib chum.

Susan Brownmiller has done it. She has published *Against Our Will—Men, Women and Rape*, her definitive study of rape and its history, causes, and social significance. It's a 472-page blockbuster from Simon & Schuster (cover price \$10.95) which has appeared on all the best-seller lists.

Now, I'm not saying Susan is disqualified by her quaint little rape dementia (which she does *not* mention in *Against Our Will*) from writing a book about boys and girls getting it on over the girls' protests. She's entitled to her opinions. Her qualifications are rather like those of the March Hare to write a book about rabbits. Mr. Hare may have been crazy, but he was a rabbit; Susan is, after all, a girl who has spent a lifetime thinking about being raped.

Do you want to know the central conclusion sweet Susan comes to in her book? Here it is in her own words, the distillation of all those years of research and writing, her definitive punchline: rape is "nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation by which *all* men keep *all* women in a state of fear." And, yes, those are Susan's italics.

So there you have it. Every time some horny lunatic assaults a woman, *you* are an accomplice to the crime, no matter that you were in another part of town and have witnesses to prove it. Never mind, either, that 99 percent of us men are as revolted by rape as women are, and that we have been known to risk life and limb to protect our wives, daughters and female neighbors against this crime. Forget all that. The best-selling authoress of *Against Our Will*, the "world's leading authority on rape," as she called herself in a recent interview, has smoked us out. She has discovered that every man jack of us is a rapist at heart by dint of having been born with cocks. With a



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Hello. My name is Mr. Taylor. I have been involved in hundreds of business deals throughout the country. But there have been times when I've been flat broke with no one to turn to. Friends and relations would actually leave "care packages" on my doorstep! I was always too proud to take them. I came from a poor family, and lived in a depressed area of my home town. Today, I am 28 years old and Live Like A King. Why? Because I used my head. I sought advice from a brilliant friend of mine who knew a lot about the law and various loopholes involving money. I sat with him for many days, and he gave me a lot of surprising information about how I could overcome my financial dilemma. I took his advice. Within one year I built a Land Empire, drove a Mark IV, owned a \$65,000 Home, an \$85,000 Vacation Home, a \$350,000 Gentleman's Farm, and much more! I went from rags to riches in twelve months. I had anything and everything I wanted! After this experience I started thinking about all the people who are now going through what I was a year ago. And, I've decided to pass my secrets along. I have put them all — EACH AND EVERY ONE OF MY SECRETS — into a manual. The secrets in my manual are invaluable. But I will send you a copy for only \$10.00. \$10.00. I know it will be the most worthwhile \$10.00 you've ever spent.

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dreds of extra dollars on business trips, vacations, visits to relatives with absolutely no work involved. . . How to go into debt with your credit cards and end up making seven times your investment. . . How to pyramid your credit cards into \$10,000.00, \$20,000.00, even \$30,000.00 in cash when opportunity calls. Yes, I'll teach you all this and more. You've Got Gold In Your Pockets And You May Not Even Know It. . . BUT YOU WILL LEARN SOON!

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straight face, Susan writes, "Man's discovery that his genitalia could serve as a weapon to generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries...along with the use of fire and the first crude stone axe."

There is no way off the hook. If you are a be-cocked human being, you are, by definition, a rapist. Nor can you weasel out of your fair share of the blame by copping a plea that you have never actually physically assaulted a woman.

Susan writes, "A feminist definition of rape goes beyond the legal, criminal definition with which the nation's system of jurisprudence concerns itself...."

Right on, Susan baby! What do those old jurisprudence assholes know, anyway? What dummies. They have the effrontery to claim it's not a case of rape unless the man has taken the woman by force.

Susan sets us straight on all that. She points out many situations where no physical force or threat is employed, and where the "victim" is a willing, even joyous, participant in the act—but it's still rape. In these cases, the "rapist" is "a movie star, sports figure, rock singer, or respected man-in-the-community," or perhaps a psychiatrist. The charisma of men in these positions gives them a "psychologic edge" which Susan equates with an ordinary

## BY BROWNMILLER'S STANDARDS, JOE NAMATH IS A SEX CRIMINAL EVERY TIME HE FUCKS.

shmoe's use of force. These celebrities, whether they use force or not, are rapists because of their glamour—"the glamour that emotionally disarmed the unwitting or foolish victim (and the fact that a victim has been foolish should not diminish the import of the offender's crime)." Pity poor Joe Namath. By Susan's standards, the guy is a sex criminal every time he fucks.

But wait. You don't have to be a Joe Namath to be liable to a rape rap when you fuck a willing girl. Even the likes of you and I are open to the charge when we score with our dates. Susan calls this phenomenon "date rape." She writes, "Here the 'authori-

ty' takes the form of *expected behavior*. In a dating situation an aggressor may press his advantage to the point where pleasantness quickly turns to unpleasantness and more than the woman bargained for, yet social propriety and the strictures of conventional female behavior that dictate politeness and femininity demand that the female gracefully endure.... These are the cases about which the police are wont to say, 'She changed her mind afterward,' with no recognition that it was only afterward that she dared pull herself together and face up to the fact that she had been truly raped."

Honestly, have you ever in your life read such priceless horseshit?

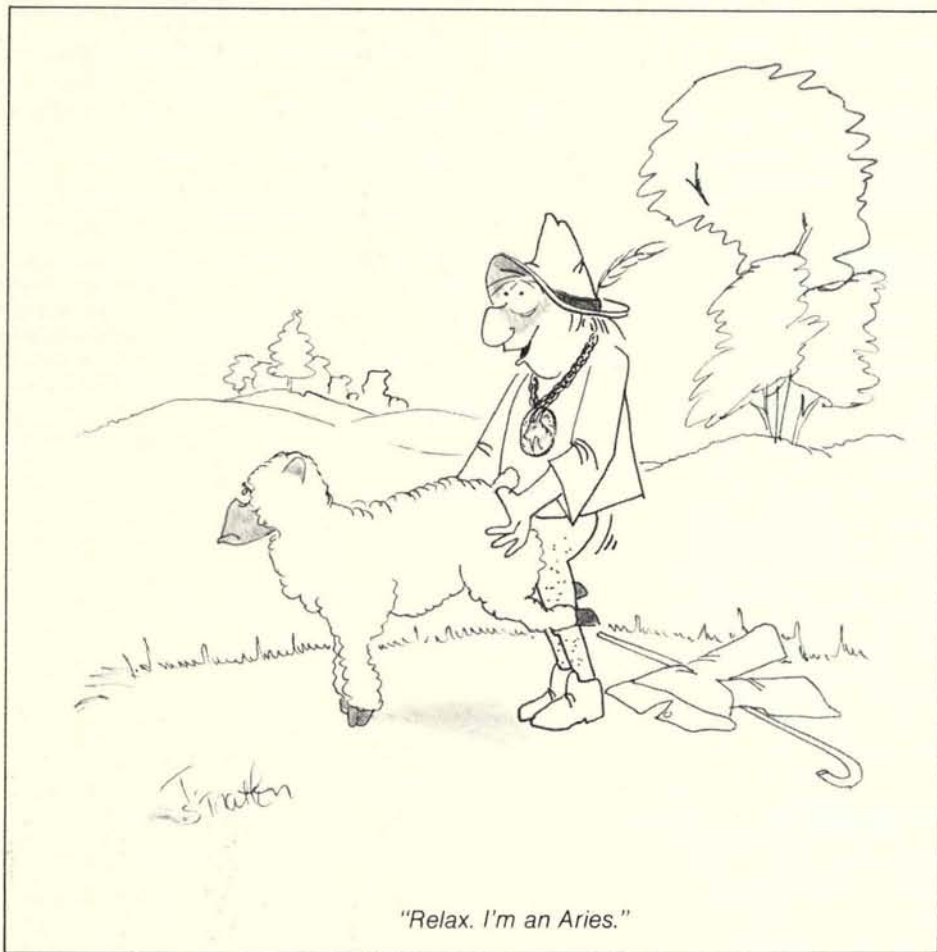
And remember, these aberrant quotes are not from some speech Susan delivered to a small coterie of her hobnail-booted fellow ding-a-lings in a Greenwich Village garret. These are quotes from a current best-selling book! Think of the millions of non-HUSTLER readers who are going to swallow this crap whole because they don't know the behind-the-scenes facts you are learning here. I fear Susan's distorted concern for the sanctity of her own pearly-pink cunt has turned that adorable gland into a Pandora's box.

*Against Our Will* must be the source of much mischief to relations between the genders. I mean, you and I might see through this malarky just by dint of our common sense and without prior knowledge of Susan's little problem, but think of the millions of already slightly neurotic females who are going to have their minds poisoned even further against men by ingesting this monumental swill. If you put something—anything—between the covers of a book and slap a \$10.95 price tag on it, it will carry a hefty clout.

But not all the fibs in *Against Our Will* are of sinister import. There's one I think is kind of cute. Susan is telling how certain female animals show a telltale pink swelling of their genitals when they're in heat. However, she writes that "we females of the human species do not 'go pink.'" No? Obviously, she has never perused the pages of this upright and courageous magazine, wherein many lovely ladies do indeed go deliciously pink every month.

Yet again, I don't want to come down too hard on Susan's masterpiece. On one level it's every bit as good as the critics say. I'll grant it this—it's a terrific beat-off book. Being about rape, it's chock-full of explicit fuck scenes in that vein. Rape in war, rape among the Mormons, gang rape, police rape, child rape—you name it and Susan has excitingly (and excitedly) delivered it. Many's the ham that will be slammed behind closed doors, and many's the clit

(continued on page 102)



"Relax. I'm an Aries."

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# HUSTLER INTERVIEW

# J. APHRODITE



## UNMASKING FEMALE SEXUALITY

Beneath her Lone Ranger mask (a ploy designed to generate further fantasies), Carole Livingston is an ordinary middle-class American woman. Using the pseudonym of "J. Aphrodite," she is the authoress of the commercially successful volume, *To Turn You On: 39 Sex Fantasies for Women*, widely recognized as the first stroke book for the fair sex. While the book is ostensibly by, for, and about women, lately more and more men have been picking it up and discovering that it's also a fascinating and authentic sampling of erotic female desires. Perhaps for the first time, the various imaginings of the female mind have been recognized and seriously understood by members of both sexes. *To Turn You On* is honest and sincere in its method and approach, while it

sharpens the reader's sexual insight. Carole Livingston's intention was that both men and women find it rewarding reading.

Since her work is of such an important and engrossing nature, **HUSTLER** flew Ms. Livingston to Columbus, where she was interviewed by executive editor Althea Leasure and managing editor Bruce David. Together, they fired probing questions at Ms. Livingston in an attempt to draw out her personal and professional attitudes.

**HUSTLER:** For the benefit of those readers who might not be familiar with your book, can you tell us its purpose? What can the reader expect to find?

**APHRODITE:** When I first wrote it, I was aiming directly at women. You see, *The*

*Sensuous Woman* turned women on to turning men on, but I wanted women to learn to turn themselves on, because I feel sex fantasy has really enriched my own personal life a lot.

**HUSTLER:** Why do women need to become more enthusiastic about sex and sex fantasy?

**APHRODITE:** Well, there are a lot of women who are still very much inhibited sexually.

**HUSTLER:** Don't you feel that your book is good for women to read and masturbate with? Wouldn't it be fair to say that this is the first stroke book for women?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, I think so. I think it's the first book for women that doesn't pretend to be a study and then bring in a lot of psychology to justify itself. There are no heavy rationalizations in this book—it's simply to turn you on.

**HUSTLER:** Why is it that women don't turn on to eroticism? Why is it that it's now 1976 and you've just written the first masturbatory book for women?

**APHRODITE:** You should know what is happening—the times are changing and women are more interested in sex.

**HUSTLER:** What has been wrong with women in the past? Why is it that they have not turned on to their own sexuality?

**APHRODITE:** Women have been controlled by society.

**HUSTLER:** All of us are controlled by society.

**APHRODITE:** Well, let me give you an example. When I was a young girl, I had zero sexual education. Nobody discussed sex in my home, and that was not unusual. None of my friends discussed it—we talked to each other, but none of us really

knew anything. The only thing we knew was that we had to be "good girls." That meant you didn't let a guy touch you *anywhere*. That was for the "bad girls." Now with that kind of repressed upbringing, how can a person know anything? When I was fourteen years old, I would be sitting and necking with a guy, and later when I went home I would feel all creamy in my pants, but I never connected the two. I had no information. I didn't realize that one activity was causing the other.

**HUSTLER:** What did you do to stimulate yourself back then?

**APHRODITE:** I *didn't* stimulate myself back then. I didn't masturbate until I was twenty-two.

**HUSTLER:** What was your first masturbatory experience at age twenty-two?

**APHRODITE:** Well, I read a book called *The Housewife's Handbook of Selective Promiscuity*, and the authoress described for the first time how she masturbated—what she did physically. So, I did it, too.

**HUSTLER:** And you achieved an orgasm?

**APHRODITE:** Yes. White lights flashed and I had an orgasm, and then I did practically nothing else for about four or five days.

**HUSTLER:** How do you masturbate?

**APHRODITE:** Well, different ways. Sometimes I rub my clit with one finger—my index finger on the right hand. Sometimes I use water—a good faucet or a good, heavy shower.

**HUSTLER:** Did you get turned on while you were writing your book?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, a lot of the time.

**HUSTLER:** How has fame affected your personal life?

**APHRODITE:** Well, I've made some money, so I've been able to afford things that I would have had to think twice about before.

**HUSTLER:** How much money have you made on your book so far?

**APHRODITE:** I got half of the paperback advance, which was sold off for \$150,000. So I received \$75,000.

**HUSTLER:** Why did you use the initial "J" as a pen name, instead of using your own name?

**APHRODITE:** I function on two different levels: one as a vice-president of a publishing company, and the other as a writer. I would just as soon keep the two lives separate.

**HUSTLER:** Why?

**APHRODITE:** I don't want to be more popular than I am, and anyway, the book functions best when people don't know who I am.

**HUSTLER:** But did you use the initial "J" to make people think you were the same million-dollar author who had written *The Sensuous Woman*?

**HUSTLER**

**APHRODITE:** I used the initial "J" because it happens to be my daughter's initial, and I got a kick out of including her in the book. Her name is Jennifer.

**HUSTLER:** Are you aware of the fact that when a preview was published in *Screw*, it explained that J. Aphrodite is Carole Livingston?

**APHRODITE:** I told Al Goldstein I wasn't happy about that. Besides, they misspelled my name.

**HUSTLER:** How long did it take you to write the book? To completely finish it from the moment the idea came about to finally getting it published?

**APHRODITE:** That took about two-and-a-half years.

**HUSTLER:** How many of the fantasies described in your book were actually given to you word for word, and how many were only hypothetical?

**APHRODITE:** I would say 95 percent of the book was actually given to me.

**HUSTLER:** Do you think that you got a good cross section of average American women?

**APHRODITE:** Well, I didn't look for exotic women. I was more interested in what the average woman thought, so I talked to those who were housewives or who worked in clerical jobs.

**HUSTLER:** When you went to interview these women, did you find they opened up to you and honestly related their fantasies?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, I found that they were very easy to talk to and very eager to relate their fantasies.

**HUSTLER:** Why all this eagerness?

**APHRODITE:** I don't think anybody had ever asked them before. Most men think women are very shy, but believe you me, they talk more easily to a woman than they do to a man.

**HUSTLER:** What age group did you get your fantasies from? Who was the youngest, and who was the oldest?

**APHRODITE:** The youngest was a girl of 16, and the oldest was a woman of 55.

**HUSTLER:** Which of them seemed to have the most far-out fantasies? The younger or the older?

**APHRODITE:** Well, actually, the women who fantasized the most were women in their mid-30s.

**HUSTLER:** Why is that, do you suppose? Are they frustrated housewives?

**APHRODITE:** Maybe they're just turned-on housewives. One girl who did a lot of fantasizing has a very happy and fulfilling sex life with her husband. She's totally monogamous.

**HUSTLER:** In that case, what kind of fantasies was she having? How did they augment and enhance her sex life with her husband?



**APHRODITE:** She fantasized and masturbated a lot during the daytime while he was at work, and then she used the same fantasies when her husband was with her. They were the day-to-day kind of fantasies about friends or people who would come into her everyday life.

**HUSTLER:** What do you think fantasies are?

**APHRODITE:** I think they are conscious daydreams—conscious sexual activities.

**HUSTLER:** You don't think fantasies are just a way of acting out what a person really wants but doesn't have the guts to do?

**APHRODITE:** I think a lot of people like to act out fantasies, but here again, some don't. A woman once told me that one of her fantasies was to have two guys balling her at the same time vaginally—two cocks in her at the same time. It actually happened, and she thought it was terrific, but she couldn't have done that five years before. She had had that fantasy for many years before she actually lived it out.

**HUSTLER:** In other words: Try it and find out what you've been missing.

**APHRODITE:** Yes, but other people find that acting out their fantasies is a disappointment; sometimes the anticipation was better than the fulfillment.

**HUSTLER:** How do you make a distinction between fantasy and life? Is what happens in fantasy acceptable because it is fantasy, but unacceptable in real life?

**APHRODITE:** I always say that you can do whatever you want to in your mind. Nobody can or should control that, which is why I balk at your analyzing what a fantasy means. I don't think it necessarily matters what a fantasy means, because I think the reason women have been fucked up for so long is that somebody's always interpreting either what they do, or what they should be doing.

**HUSTLER:** You don't think it's wrong then if, say, an older man fantasized about balling a little girl, but you do think it might be objectionable if he actually went out and did it. Right?

**APHRODITE:** It certainly would be objectionable to me.

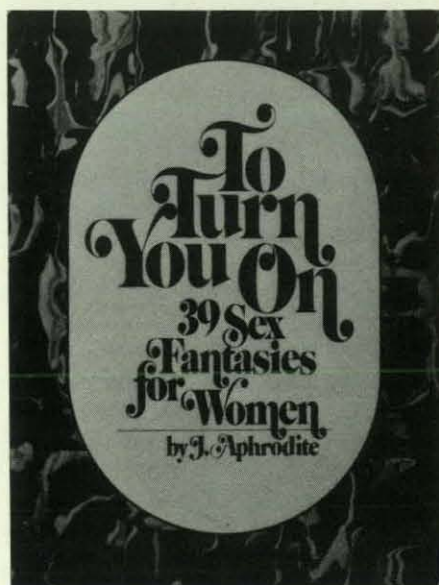
**HUSTLER:** So you do believe that people should never act out their fantasies in real life?

**APHRODITE:** I don't think the run-of-the-mill person is interested in living out his or her fantasies. The book contains my fantasies and a lot of other women's fantasies, but I'm not telling the people who read it that this is what they are supposed to be doing with their lives.

**HUSTLER:** What is your ethnic background and upbringing?

**APHRODITE:** Well, I was born into a non-

## “WOMEN READERS SEEM TO LIKE THE DOCTOR FANTASIES THE BEST.”



observant Jewish family. My mother was much more interested in sex than my father was. I learned this many, many years later. Father didn't know how to show any kind of emotion, and, of course, sex is just another kind of emotional expression.

**HUSTLER:** Isn't it true, though, that Jewish women are generally more into sexuality than, let's say, Irish Catholic girls?

**APHRODITE:** I don't know. I've heard that Jewish husbands make the best lovers, though.

**HUSTLER:** What is your favorite sex act with a man, regardless of his background?

**APHRODITE:** I enjoy everything. *Everything!* I enjoy fucking, being eaten, and going down on a guy, too.

**HUSTLER:** So you really go out of your way to please your man?

**APHRODITE:** I try to, and I enjoy myself at the same time.

**HUSTLER:** Were you a virgin when you got married?

---

## THE PHILOSOPHER

Suffering is above, not below. And everyone thinks that suffering is below. And everyone wants to rise.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

---

**APHRODITE:** Yes. I was 18, and we had a very bad sexual experience. We were two very repressed people. It's not good for people to come into marriage as virgins.

**HUSTLER:** Did you start to masturbate because you had a bad sex life with your husband?

**APHRODITE:** No. I did have orgasms with him, but the marriage itself was very bad in general.

**HUSTLER:** How does your boyfriend fuck you?

**APHRODITE:** Fast and hard and mostly from behind. I like it doggie style.

**HUSTLER:** Have you ever had sex with animals? Your book has a fantasy about dog-fucking.

**APHRODITE:** When I was a little girl, I had a dog, and one day when I was lying on my bed, he came over and started to lick me. That, I suppose, was probably my first orgasm. I was maybe six or seven at the time.

**HUSTLER:** And you had an orgasm?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, though only now can I recognize that it was actually an orgasm.

**HUSTLER:** Well, would you fuck a dog now?

**APHRODITE:** I don't think so, but I would certainly let a dog eat me out.

**HUSTLER:** What's the distinction?

**APHRODITE:** Well, let me put it this way—I watched a Linda Lovelace movie, and it didn't turn me on. It turned me off, actually, when the dog fucked her because I found I didn't like the way a dog's cock looked—it just doesn't appeal to me. But let me tell you what does turn me on. I respond to a guy who's not particularly muscular. I always think of a "basketball player"—kind of lean, not overly muscular, but a well-built kind of guy. However, if he's not interesting to talk to, I get turned off very quickly. He's got to be somebody I can talk to after I screw him.

**HUSTLER:** In that case, do you need to fantasize more with someone who is not your ideal mate than you do with this "basketball player"?

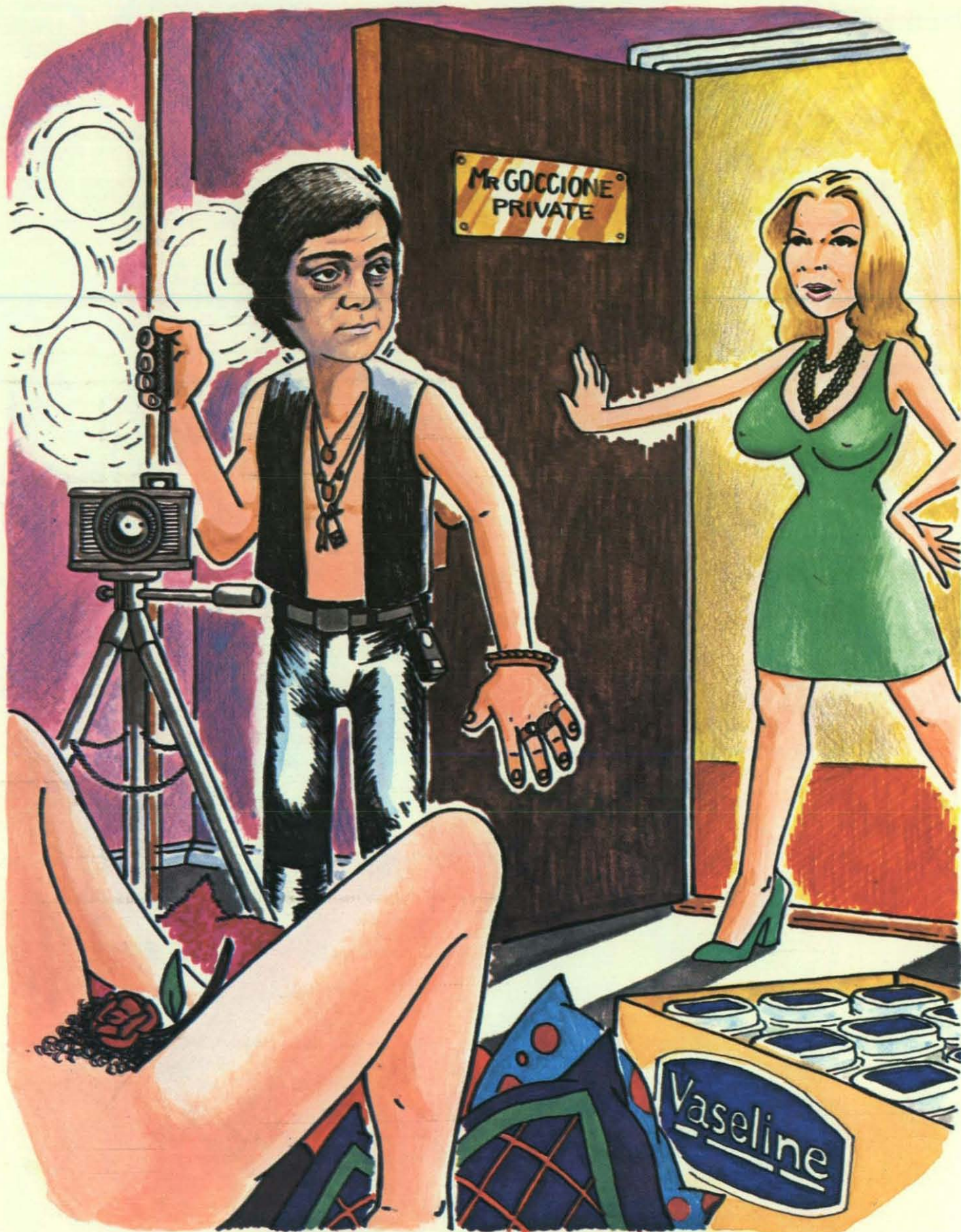
**APHRODITE:** No, I use fantasies pretty generally with all guys. They don't really depend on the guy, and it's not like I fantasize every time I screw, or screw every time I fantasize.

**HUSTLER:** Would you say you are a romantic person?

**APHRODITE:** I am definitely a romantic person.

**HUSTLER:** So, would you rather a man take his time and seduce you with dinner and wine, rather than just saying, "I'd like to fuck you"?

**APHRODITE:** No, because sometimes there's not enough time. I can respond to



"Lissen you Pope-baiting, angel-faced greaseball!! You don't need Vaseline to make yer camera fuzzy and romantic; just smear on a muff full of this runny clap you gave me!"

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the instant thing, too. As a matter of fact, it's a real turn-on to occasionally just have an instant desire to get into bed and do it. But I never got up in the morning and said, "Let's see, I think I'll go out someplace and find a guy."

**HUSTLER:** Why is it that some women, perhaps the majority of women, don't have your kind of instant sex drive?

**APHRODITE:** Maybe reality presses in on them too much. When a woman wakes up at three in the morning and has a screaming five-year-old kid in the next bedroom, it's just not a turn-on anymore.

**HUSTLER:** If you did not have a daughter, would your sex life be more promiscuous?

**APHRODITE:** It probably would be more active, sure. I might not come home as often, and I might have guys in and out of my place at all hours. Obviously, it would affect what I do. I might lead a whole different life.

**HUSTLER:** What is your most common fantasy?

**APHRODITE:** I frequently fantasize about a woman teacher seducing a young girl.

**HUSTLER:** How young?

**APHRODITE:** Oh, about twelve.

**HUSTLER:** In your book, are there any incestuous mother-daughter scenes?

**APHRODITE:** No.

**HUSTLER:** Do you think that's because of your own relationship with your daughter?

**APHRODITE:** My daughter is a very sensual person. I think all kids are. They are always either stroking themselves or sucking their thumbs. To a little kid, it's the same thing as masturbating. But I don't respond erotically to my daughter, for whatever reason, good or bad. It's just not a fantasy of mine.

**HUSTLER:** You have some homosexual fantasies though?

**APHRODITE:** Yes.

**HUSTLER:** Are you a homosexual?

**APHRODITE:** No, but I'm bisexual.

**HUSTLER:** Do you feel that bisexuality is bad? Do you feel guilty because of it?

**APHRODITE:** No.

**HUSTLER:** How did you become bisexual? Was it encouraged by a man?

**APHRODITE:** Yes. My first experiences with women were encouraged by a man. I did it to please him, but now I do it because I enjoy it myself.

**HUSTLER:** Do you put yourself into your fantasies?

**APHRODITE:** Frequently not, but it's not exclusive. I mean, it changes.

**HUSTLER:** Doesn't that suggest that you are still somewhat detached and estranged from your own sexuality?

**APHRODITE:** I don't think so. There are other fantasies where I do picture myself being involved in the action.

## I FREQUENTLY FANTASIZE ABOUT A WOMAN TEACHER SEDUCING A YOUNG GIRL."

**HUSTLER:** But sometimes you're not. A psychologist would say that if there is some kind of reluctance on your part to identify with your fantasy, then you're probably still having trouble relating to your own sexual needs and desires.

**APHRODITE:** Oh, come on, we're not psychologists here.

**HUSTLER:** But we're intelligent people, and you said that frequently you don't identify with the sexual activities you fantasize about. It's a proven fact that women who have been repressed act that way because they've been taught that it is bad for them to have certain desires—whether homosexual, sadomasochistic, or whatever. They have grown up with repressed fantasies. They get turned on to what is happening to the person in their fantasy, but they don't want to put their own face on the fantasized person's body. They hide from erotic stimulation.

**APHRODITE:** One of the fantasies in my book is very much like that, but it is not my fantasy. It's about a girl with a black sheet over her with a hole cut out in the middle for penetration. A guy comes along and ravishes her, but he never knows who she really is. The girl who gave me this fantasy, by the way, admitted that she felt very guilty about sex. My sex life is very good, and if my fantasies are behind the times psychologically, it doesn't bother me.

**HUSTLER:** Do you have an orgasm while you are being balled?

**APHRODITE:** No, I don't, unless I masturbate while fucking. This is not that unusual, however.

**HUSTLER:** But if you could forget your hang-ups during intercourse, you just might achieve orgasm.

**APHRODITE:** Women have learned that

## THE PHILOSOPHER

A hundred years die in a moment, just  
as a moment dies in a moment.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

all their sexuality has been defined by men. Sigmund Freud said that a clitoral orgasm is an immature orgasm, and that a vaginal orgasm is a mature one. Therefore, a woman was supposed to strive for vaginal orgasms. Then Masters and Johnson measured orgasms and discovered that all orgasms in women are clitorally based. Whether it comes from the penis rubbing against the clitoris, or by manual or oral stimulation, it's the clitoral orgasms that count. So Freud was wrong. It's just another case of women learning their sexuality from men.

**HUSTLER:** A lot of women feel that their bodies aren't nice, or that their cunts don't smell or taste good, and they have a lot of hang-ups about this.

**APHRODITE:** True—but who told them all these things? There's such a lack of communication sometimes between men and women. A lot of women feel their cunts are not pretty, as you say. Some won't even ask a guy to go down on them when, in reality, he'd be delighted to do so. If you're told as a little child not to touch or look at your pussy, then it's implied that there is something bad down there, which, I think, is wrong. Today, we are starting to teach children about sexuality in a much more open and frank way.

**HUSTLER:** In your opinion, at what age should you start teaching a child about sex?

**APHRODITE:** When they're interested. When they ask the very first question, you should be ready to answer it as comfortably as you can.

**HUSTLER:** Would you want your daughter to become a bisexual?

**APHRODITE:** I wouldn't want her to be pressed into bisexuality.

**HUSTLER:** Do you ever verbalize your fantasies with guys?

**APHRODITE:** Well, it really depends. Only one man has ever asked me to fantasize with him out loud—that's my boyfriend. It really hasn't occurred to me to do it with other people.

**HUSTLER:** Are you into B&D or S&M?

**APHRODITE:** I like to be held down, that kind of thing, but I don't think about being tied up or really hurt.

**HUSTLER:** Have you ever been tied up?

**APHRODITE:** Not actually tied up with a rope. I've been kind of led around with a belt around my neck like a dog.

**HUSTLER:** Did you enjoy that?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, I did.

**HUSTLER:** Norman Mailer says that it is an act of male aggressive superiority to turn a woman over and fuck her in the ass. Did you feel you were subjugating yourself like that by having a guy lead you around on a leash?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, but you know, there's a lot of game-playing going on in a relationship like that, so it doesn't mean that, in reality, you are subjugating yourself. Some guys think a girl is aggressive if she wants to fuck him right away. To them, this indicates she's an easy lay. But that's *their* attitude, not hers. Her attitude may be that she just wants to get laid.

**HUSTLER:** Do men get more sexually aggressive in bed with you when they find out that you wrote *To Turn You On*?

**APHRODITE:** Frankly, I never noticed any difference. I think that if they can get past the book, they can respond to me just like anybody else.

**HUSTLER:** What about the women? Have they found your book to be a big turn-on?

**APHRODITE:** A very big turn-on. Most of the women tell specifically which fantasy they like, and they all seem to like the doctor fantasies the best. It seems that they identify with their gynecologist.

**HUSTLER:** Is that because when he sticks that clamp up their cunts they associate it with sex?

**APHRODITE:** It's obvious that when somebody's screwing around with your cunt, there is some kind of sexual response. Occasionally, the women would say, "Oh, he's very gentle," and insinuate that that is as far as it usually goes. But none of them said that their gynecologists were actually appealing. They liked the authority figure which a doctor represents. I relate to the gynecologist and also to the therapist.

**HUSTLER:** You have a sex scene with an analyst in your book. Did you ever screw an analyst?

**APHRODITE:** No, but I did come awfully close one time. I was in analysis when I was 19, and we got to the point where I was nude and he was playing with me.

**HUSTLER:** Why did he have you nude?

**APHRODITE:** I was a very naive young person.

**HUSTLER:** How could you be so repressed, and yet liberal enough to have your clothes off in the analyst's office while he was playing with you? What story did he use on you to make you take your clothes off?

**APHRODITE:** Oh, this was to free myself in all areas, not just sexually.

**HUSTLER:** Did you tell your husband about it?

**APHRODITE:** No. It's interesting what women will let happen to them without being aware that it shouldn't be going on. I never questioned whether this was the right therapist for me. But, don't forget that I was 19 years old, and there was an agreement between us that we wouldn't say anything about what was going on, so as not to pressure my husband and put him into a situation he couldn't handle.

## **"I CAN BE EQUALLY EXCITING TO WATCH A GUY PLAYING WITH HIMSELF..."**

**HUSTLER:** Do you now think that your analyst exceeded his rights?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, I do, although you know, I hear these days about therapists who openly encourage sex with their patients.

**HUSTLER:** Have you ever been on any TV or radio shows where you got feedback about your book from the audience?

**APHRODITE:** I've been on many radio shows like that.

**HUSTLER:** What was the response?

**APHRODITE:** Well, the most negative response I got was from women who said, "If I'm happily married, and I love my husband and he loves me, I don't see why I need any fantasies." But there was one woman who called up and said that even though she was a grandmother, she was still interested in learning as much as she could about sex, and she liked the whole idea of my book. There were other people, however, who were heavily into religion and very reluctant to accept even the concept of fantasies at all.

**HUSTLER:** Do you think women have any trouble getting in touch with their fantasies? Did some women claim that they didn't have any?

**APHRODITE:** Well, at first, some were not aware of what I was looking for. I had to explain that a fantasy was just a feeling, an illusive thought, or something casual. Then they'd say, "Oh, that's what you mean!"

**HUSTLER:** Do you think that's a measure of their estrangement from their sexuality and their fantasies?

**APHRODITE:** A lot of women aren't even aware that they have fantasies.

**HUSTLER:** That's something that men have a hard time understanding. How is it that some women don't realize they have fantasies?

**APHRODITE:** Women aren't usually ex-

## **THE PHILOSOPHER**

**The tree is alone, the cloud is alone.  
Everything is alone when I am alone.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA

pected to have any, so they program them out of their minds. The whole capacity to fantasize is something that is just now emerging.

**HUSTLER:** How can men help?

**APHRODITE:** Well, one thing they can do is stop laying this heavy number on women that the only good orgasm is an orgasm during intercourse. It's just unrealistic. A lot of women just don't come that way.

**HUSTLER:** Do you feel that women turn to masturbation for satisfaction because they are fearful of having an affair, getting caught, and losing their security at home for just a little sexual fulfillment?

**APHRODITE:** I think that people shouldn't have the attitude that they turn to masturbation out of fear, since it implies the old-fashioned morality which said that masturbation was a bad thing. I think that masturbation is something that people do throughout their lives. Sometimes it is a release from tension—pure tension. It doesn't even have to be sexual tension.


**HUSTLER:** Do you feel that your book can be used to induce women into a feeling of sexuality where they will be free to masturbate when they become excited?

**APHRODITE:** Yes, I do. I would like all women to feel encouraged to do this.

**HUSTLER:** It's often said that men enjoy watching women masturbate more than women enjoy watching men. What are your feelings on this?

**APHRODITE:** Masturbation is something that, if we think about doing it at all, we commonly think about doing it alone. But I think it can be equally exciting to watch a guy playing with himself because you're seeing exactly how he likes it to be done, and there's no better way to learn how to please somebody than to either have him tell or show you. It can be a very big turn-on. But remember, masturbation is only one part of sexuality. I'm not interested in masturbation to the exclusion of all other sex, and I think the men and women who read my book together will enjoy it more that way. One man told me that he and his girl friend read it together. She read him a fantasy, and then he read her one. So in that way, they turned each other on.

**HUSTLER:** What about the woman who wakes up in the middle of the night and finds her husband lying in bed beside her, jacking himself off, and she pretends to be asleep because it hurts her feelings that he turned to masturbation?

**APHRODITE:** I think that if she wakes up and knows that he's jacking off, she should turn around and offer to get involved. After all, if she's awake, why not use the time to get it on? Remember, if people are honest and open, they're always going to have a much better relationship. 

**HUSTLER's X-rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. (Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.)**

#### RATING GUIDE

##### ERECTION!

☿  
If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

##### HALF-ERECT

☿  
Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

##### ONE-QUARTER ERECT

☿  
Might get it up if you use a crane.

##### TOTALLY LIMP

☿  
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

## MOVIES

by Tim Beckley

### HONEY PIE

☿  
Have you ever wondered what it's like to put out a sex paper? Collecting all those open-pussy shots, juicy articles, and kinky features can be damn hard work. If you don't believe me, ask Al Goldstein—creator of *Screw* in real life—who just happens to be typecast as a perverted sex-tabloid publisher. Goldstein knows filth when he sees it, and he hasn't

# X RATED REVIEWS

seen any lately. *Metro's* circulation has been going downhill, causing him to lose bucks quickly. "If we don't do something real fast, you fuckers," he tells his staff, "we'll all be out on the street." It's obvious that the cunt-and-cock magazine needs a few more rigid peters.

*Honey Pie* is hot stuff. If you don't pop your pistol while viewing this film, you're definitely not human. The various escapades depicted are based on letters supposedly received from *Metro's* loyal readership.

There's the signed confession from a beautiful blonde in her mid-thirties who seduces a 14-year-old boy—loving every second and every inch of his manly-enough dong. Played by Jennifer Welles, formerly the star performer in *Minsky's Burlesque Follies*, this 5-ft., 4-in. temptress seduces the youngster without hesitation. She turns the virgin teenager into a capable stud who shows his gratitude the proper way—with a stiff joint.

In the best lesbian scene this season, two stunning beauties are shown "getting it on." One of the ladies is a dance instructor, the other a pupil. After a rough workout, the auburn-haired teacher suggests they retire to a back room to "talk." Seeing that her student is worn out, she recommends a massage. "It will release all those hidden tensions."

The girls strip out of their tights. The student—a full-busted, sandy-haired lass—lies on her stomach while oil is applied to her tender loins. The teacher begins stroking the proud buttocks of her student. Spreading the girl's legs, she applies oil to the area surrounding her hairy, light-colored snatch. The dance in-

structor is no novice at girl-girl love. They neck, tongue-kiss, and sixty-nine.

Finally, the older of the pair produces a plastic dildo that looks totally alien. It's at least 6-in. in circumference and has rubber prongs protruding along its pliable surface. This instrument of lust is applied to the student's now-wet opening. Slowly, it is sent forth to do its duty—creating an unearthly orgasm. The excitement is so vibrant that it reaches out into the audience and travels up your spine.

In addition, perhaps the greatest S&M scene ever captured on film goes into the smoldering footage that makes

up this memorable adventure into eroticism. The sadomasochism in *Honey Pie* is far superior to that in *The Story of O* and *Joanna*. A mini-skirted honey meets an attractive married couple at a bar. They promise her the thrill of a lifetime if she goes to their apartment. Together, the couple guide their pickup through every imaginable bizarre and kinky "torture." A dildo is shoved up her ass and held in place by a harness; a vibrator is applied to her shaven "fountain of pleasure"; her legs are spread-eagled; and she is whipped. There seems to be no end to her degradation.

Finally, as she pleads to be fucked, clamps are applied to her taut nipples, from which chains lead to a bit that is placed in her mouth. "You will pull as hard as you can on them when you are about to come—we want to see you tear your tits off." At the precise moment of orgasm, she pulls on the miniature vises as roughly as



A shy young boy is turned into a first-class stud in *Honey Pie*.

she can. The girl screams. Her nipples are literally pulled into space. It has been a night of absolute bliss. She breathes heavily, the sweat pouring down her face.

This motion picture should get a *super* erection. It's one hell of a hot film! This is the



Honey Pie has a device for all.

dirtiest, raunchiest, and most exciting X-rated adventure in one hell of a long time!

## HOT DOG

It's hard not to be tacky when referring to this film. The cast really hams it up. They have little choice, for with the available script it's a wonder that *Hot Dog* can produce a half-erection on HUSTLER's titillation scale.

Wait till you hear the plot—it's a humdinger! This is science fiction porn, no less; they should have hired Ray Bradbury as a special advisor. The women of New York are under a strange spell. They run berserk through the streets, craving sex (so what else is new?), attacking men totally at random. All of this over-stimulation is caused by a shipment of hot dogs saturated with Spanish fly.

After eating the "go-go wieners," members of the weaker sex exhibit an unusually strong desire that makes it necessary for them to eat meat—the 6-to-8-in. variety.

The whole metropolitan area is in a state of panic as radio

station WFUK broadcasts regular reports telling of the civil unrest. There is, for example, a woman fucking herself by straddling the huge antenna atop the Empire State Building. Meanwhile, in another part of town, a group of Girl Scouts is holding a convention of World War I vets hostage (against their will?).

And so it goes! About the only hope this movie has is that somehow the producers will be able to sneak into the darkened movie houses where *Hot Dog* is being shown and spike the popcorn with Spanish fly.

Pass the mustard—and bypass this film!

## FAREWELL SCARLET

As lightning streaks across the heavens, a voluptuous chick named Scarlet (played by Terri Hall, star of *Divine Obsession* and *Story of Joanna*) is throwing a swinging party. Among her honored guests are Senator Gilbert Craft, porno kingpin Sam Smut, syndicated writer Connie Columnist, and pro tennis celebrity Bret Volley.

Music blares out of powerful stereo speakers, and the booze flows. As part of the "party favors," Scarlet announces that it's "game time." Those in attendance quickly strip to the buff. They place blindfolds over their eyes in order to play "swap partners"—an old favorite. Their vision blocked, the guests start to mingle, feeling and groping all those participating in the fun-filled activities. Couples engage in all manner of sexual escapades. Cocks shoot spunk while pussies ooze over. The sex juices flow as freely as the liquid refreshment.

In the midst of all this cohabitation, a bloodcurdling scream suddenly pierces the night. The party-goers rip off their masks to find that Scarlet has been murdered. A giant rubber dildo—a 13-incher—has been shoved completely down her throat. Scarlet is no more!



See *Farewell Scarlet* to find out who stuck a dildo down her throat.

The question is, who did it? Who would want this enchanting miss out of the way? And why?

A mousy, not-so-together detective is called in to investigate. Dexter Sleuth is not your typical Mickey Spillane. Instead, he's sort of a Sherlock Cock—a real, honest-to-goodness private dick with a constant hard-on. Dexter fumbles around, trying to uncover clues and get someone—anyone—to confess to the murder. Unfortunately, everyone at Scarlet's last great bash seems to have a ready-made alibi. By means of a series of flashbacks, we learn what each individual was doing when the dastardly deed was committed.

Producers Howard Winters and Chuck Vincent keep us glued to the edge of our seats throughout most of this suck-'em, fuck-'em mystery. We are treated to a suspense-packed melodrama in the tradition of Ellery Queen, but there is the extra, added pleasure of a whole lot of fornication, as well.

*Farewell Scarlet* is even humorous in spots. The sex is somewhat lukewarm but tastefully done. Terri Hall is a dream—an erotic one. She

handles her part well.

The great Alfred Hitchcock himself couldn't have done much better.

## THE MILK LADY

Here's a flick, unfortunately of low-budget caliber, that offers something a bit out of the norm.

The producers of *The Milk Lady* have simply capitalized on the normal breast fetish by adding to the movie a pregnant teenager whose knockers are loaded down with milk. This chick makes Elsie the Cow look like a novice. What a set of udders she has! WOW!

One afternoon an attractive girl comes into the infirmary. She complains about being nauseous. The resident physician takes a stethoscope and begins the examination. He checks her lungs, kidneys, and heart. Everything seems to be in fine working order. Next, he asks her to unbutton her top so he can feel her breasts to see if she has cancer. With one hefty squeeze, Dr. Pean locates the problem. It is obvious that Anna Titferd has been knocked up. Her 15-year-old tits are swollen full of milk. "This is the last thing I ever expected," the

doctor declares, a strange look crossing his face. "We'll just have to get a sample for analysis."

A pair of transparent specimen cups are placed over the teenager's mammary glands. Dr. Pean applies pressure in the right places, and the liquid bursts forth as if a dam inside her body has broken. Not satisfied with the flow of milk, the doctor tells Anna to turn over on her stomach. She is placed on a table and positioned so that her ripe breasts hang down. They seem to reach the floor. A thermometer is shoved up her ass so that her temperature can be taken. The school physician removes the specimen cups and does a bit of sucking with his mouth. He's in seventh heaven. "I used to be a country doctor," he explains, "and there's nothing like the traditional methods."

Continuing the examination, he now orders Anna to remain in this same position while he takes a look-see into her vaginal opening. First one finger is sent forth into her pinkish-red "love spa," then two, then three. From the angle the camera has caught, we can see China!

The scene fades. Next, we are shown a group of teenagers smoking in a park. The two boys and two girls decide to bop on over to Johnny's house, where they plan to take off all their clothes and cool themselves in an outdoor whirlpool bath. As they prepare to leave, Anna comes along and reluctantly joins the festivities. Although she does not seem anxious to strip, with a bit of prodding she, too, sheds her outerwear. Great! The other two girls go into the house and give their friend, Mike, a nice blow job. The fellow is obviously delighted. But then, who wouldn't be? In return, he brings out an assortment of sex gadgets and gives the girls their due. They have orgasm after orgasm.

Meanwhile, out in the beach house, Johnny and Anna are into a scene of their own. The tall, lanky youth soaps the hot-



Milk Lady is udder-ly tasteless.

blooded chick down and begins tonguing her ass while she stands with her legs wide apart and the shower hose turned on full blast. Before too long, Johnny discovers his playmate's unusual talent. He has a ball, waddling in the milk from her knockers. "It's better than cold beer," he maintains—and we agree.

## FANTASEX

At thirty, Bernard still lives with his little old Jewish mother in Brooklyn. Henpecked at home and at the office, his dull life is

miserable. The bifocaled slob can't get it together with the ladies, either. The girls shit on him.

While outwardly Bernard may look like an ace of an asshole, inside he is a keg of TNT, ready to explode. He fantasizes constantly. Retreating into a world of make-believe, he gets even with the crud who fuck him over. As a sword-wielding gypsy, for instance, he lops his no-good boss's dick right off. In another sequence, dressed as a tough, swarthy dock worker, he forces the office bitch to swallow his hardened peter—ramming it down her gagging throat and tearing into her quivering mouth until she begs for more.

*Fantasex* continues in this same vein. The scenes are short and sweet. The cinematography is of high quality; the settings are ultra-plush. At one point, during a poker game with the boys, our Walter Mitty fancies himself to be a riverboat gambler. He meets blonde, big-chested Dolly, a barmaid who offers "Big Bert" a glass of Southern Comfort and a night to remember. "Give me some of that New Orleans dick," she yells, her hands grasping the brass bedposts.

Dolly has a pussy like fur. Her body is flawless—she's no pig in a poke.

Bernard really gets his jollies when he mentally turns his boss into a sniveling clown who is made to walk on hands and knees. Bernard is now the circus ringmaster and the captain of his own destiny.

The only chick he can get it together with is the company "plain Jane." But, alas, that's all in his mind, too, because Bernard doesn't even have the nerve to ask this poor creature (played—would you believe—by Terri Hall) for a date. In one fantasy, he sees their wedding night unfold. He is handsome and virile. She is beautiful, sensuous—and a fantastic lay!

The moral seems to be that not everyone can be a superstud, but we can all dream. Basically, this is good, clean screwing at its best, without any of the hard-core kinkiness that has become so common. Production is above average, and the story line is a takeoff on a vintage Danny Kaye classic. Here is a film that both the "straight" press and porn critics will probably rave about. *Fantasex* has high artistic merits—it deserves to be seen, if only for that reason. **B+**



Dolly finds Bernard's lovemaking style good for her head, while he gets a taste of the action in *Fantasex*.

## THE SELECTED LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE

### 5,000 YEARS OF FOREPLAY

by Ira Wallach  
William Morrow and Co.  
105 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10016  
\$5.95

Are you fed up to the hilt with all those pompous sexperts who answer questions, write guidebooks, and generally act as if they owned a patent on fucking? If the writings of such high-minded folk tend to take all the fun out of your erotic reading, then you're sure to get off on *5,000 Years of Foreplay*.

While the satiric text succeeds in stimulating the sexual gland, it ranks an extra notch up on HUSTLER's rating scale because its author, Ira Wallach, continually and triumphantly tickles the testicles. With chapter titles like "The Tie-dyed Penis," "The Orifice

Edited by Richard Ellmann  
Viking Press  
625 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022  
\$18.95/\$5.95

"The smallest things give me a great cockstand—a whorish movement of your mouth, a little brown stain on the seat of your white drawers, a sudden dirty word sputtered out by your wet lips, a sudden immodest noise made by your behind, and then a bad smell slowly curling up out of your backside."

The author of this smoldering sentence is the great James Joyce, a man whose works, many people feel, are one of the supreme examples of English literature. As you can see, Joyce was not a stuffy old man who gave boring lectures to women's social groups. True, he was a writer of extremely complex novels, but (as the above prose example reveals) Joyce was a *man* first and a writer of extremely complex novels second.

If you're interested in reading more of the Master Storyteller's erotic writings, get yourself a copy of the recently-published *Selected Letters of James Joyce*. Some sections are so hard-core that, prior to this edition, many of the juiciest passages were suppressed.

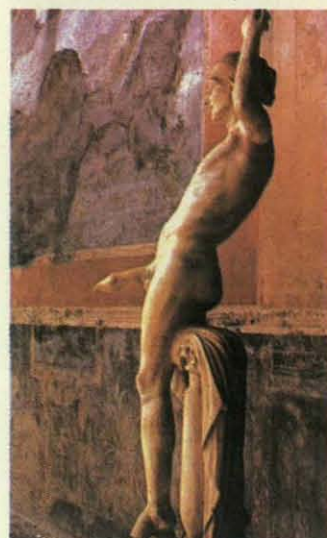
While the entire book is not a turn-on, the text (beginning with page 182) is sure to make English class at the local high school a heck of a lot more fun.

### EROS IN POMPEII

by Michael Grant  
William Morrow and Co.  
105 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10016  
\$20.00

One of the quirks of the publishing industry is that mag-

azines like HUSTLER are not permitted to show erections because "magazines like HUSTLER are not art," while a



Hard-on art in ancient Pompeii.

book like *Eros in Pompeii* can display more hard-ons than there are in the entire Pacific fleet on shore leave in Tahiti—all in the sanctimonious name of aesthetics.

This double standard between art and pornography is actually a form of censorship, especially when erotic art books are purchased with local tax dollars and put on library shelves while men's magazines with similar content are banned from newsstands.

In a full-color visual tour of the super-secret erotic rooms at the National Museum of Naples, Michael Grant reveals that the inhabitants of Pompeii were far more open-minded about sex than the men and women of today. Furthermore, the book's provocative photographs, taken by Antonio Mulas, show that the earthy Pompeii citizens took enormous pride in their sexual organs, even to the point where erect cocks and anal intercourse became acceptable subjects for paintings, sculptures, and architecture.

The real irony is, of course, that *Eros in Pompeii* proves that our ancestors were not at all afraid to let sex be a subject for public viewing. In their childlike innocence, they never thought of sex as porn. And until the day when we can learn

from their example, we'll have to contend with books like this one, which give insight into early-day sexual attitudes but only faintly fill the modern sexual appetite. After all, even the strongest erotica gets a little stale after 2,000 years.

### SEXY EUROPE

by Norman Jackson (Smith)  
Pinnacle Books  
275 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10016  
\$1.95

How many times have you thought about taking a quick trip to Europe and getting some of that "old country" cunt, only to have your scrotum shrunk by the thought of all those expensive air fares and exorbitant hotel bills? Well, now you can journey to the exotic realms you'd only dreamed of before, without ever leaving the comfort of your own bedroom, thanks to author Norman Jackson, who has paid the bills and done all the heavy legwork for you.

The exceptional quality of Jackson's little treatise reflects the mind-blowing time he must have had while exploring the European sex scene. The book is by far the most realistic, comprehensive, and turned-on travel guide ever generated by the filthy mind of a dirty old man.

As good as *Sexy Europe* is, it will be infinitely better if you can afford to hop across the Atlantic and check things out for yourself. In that event, the book will be an invaluable in-hand guide, listing every locale of European erotic entertainment from bordellos and saunas to hooker bars and whorehouses, right on down to names, addresses, and phone numbers. There's even a section on rip-offs and places to avoid.

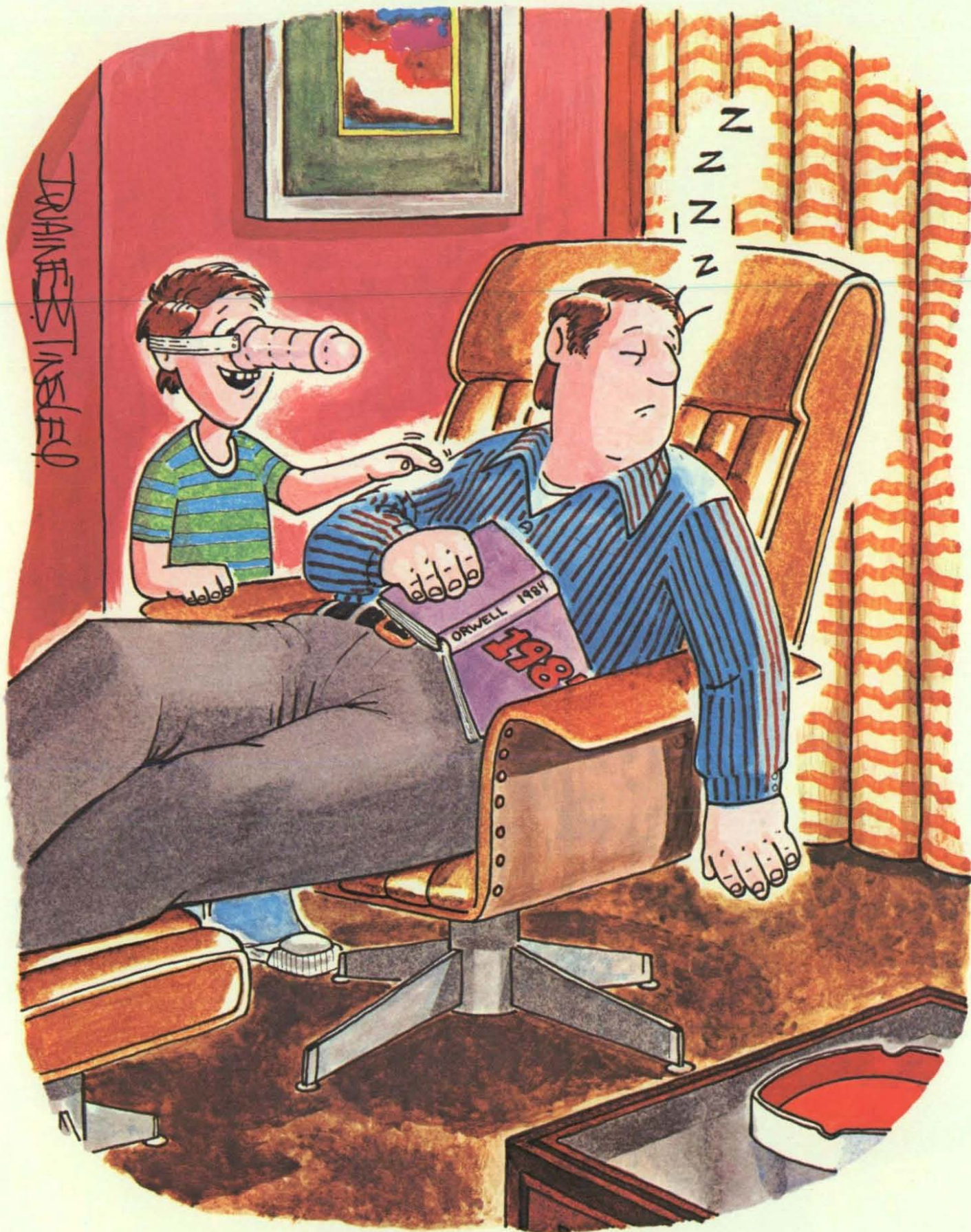
(For a sample of Norman Jackson's exciting brand of literary reportage, see "Susan Brownmiller on Rape: 'Stop and I'll Scream,'" page 30 in this issue of HUSTLER.)



Cartoon illustration from *Foreplay*.

Party," and "Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar," nearly every page contains at least one good belly laugh. The illustrations by Mischa Richter (like the one about the guy floating off on the love doll) are as on-target and suggestive as the writings they accompany.

Buy this one, and put some bounce back into your bed.



"Wake up, Pop! Guess who-o-o..."



**THE  
SWEET  
SURRENDER  
OF  
JOCELYN**





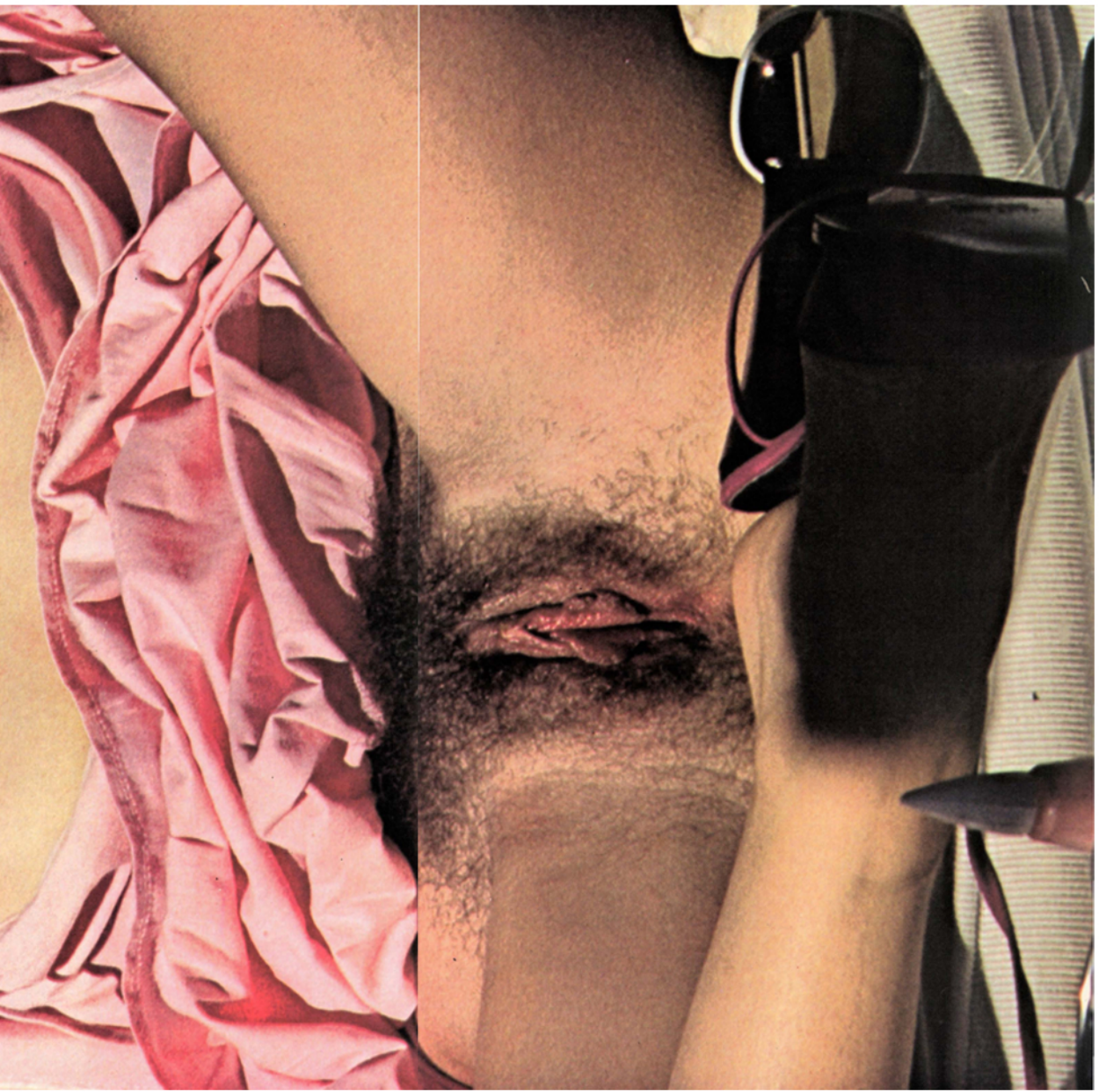


**J**ocelyn has been working in the Columbus, Ohio, offices of HUSTLER Magazine for some time now, fueling our staffers' fantasies of Midwestern farm-girl innocence. When she breezes down the hallway, Jocelyn's fresh, milk-fed complexion, wind-swept hair, and lean, smooth thighs make everyone's blood burn a little hotter.



HUSTLER'S HONEY • MAY 1976









**B**orn in the river-port city of East Liverpool, Ohio, Jocelyn has also lived in the big-city environments of Detroit and New York. But whether her suitors have been uptown dudes or good ol' country boys, Jocelyn has found her *Seventeen* cover-girl looks to be a mixed blessing. "For years, I was overly-innocent of worldly goings-on," she smiles, flashing her incredibly blue eyes, "possibly because a lot of would-be lovers were scared off by my apparent innocence. That's the reason I like a strong, overpowering man, one who is forceful enough to conquer me and bring out the simmering sexiness which is really me."

"Actually, I don't see that I am giving in to this dominant type of man, because he is *liberating* me from a false role of maidenly modesty. And for that I am so grateful that I want to do anything to satisfy him. I love to offer my ass for a pulsing probe and to give slow, teasing head to such an aggressive man. That way, I am giving to him because he has given to me."



# CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"...DEGENERATE!..."

A young newlywed was a little worried about the first sexual encounter with her husband, so she went to talk to her mother. Her mother related exactly what she had done in the same situation. "I went down to the grocery store, purchased a pound of raw calves' liver, and on the big night, stuffed it up the inside of my cunt. It didn't really hurt too bad, and your daddy came so much he passed out!!!"

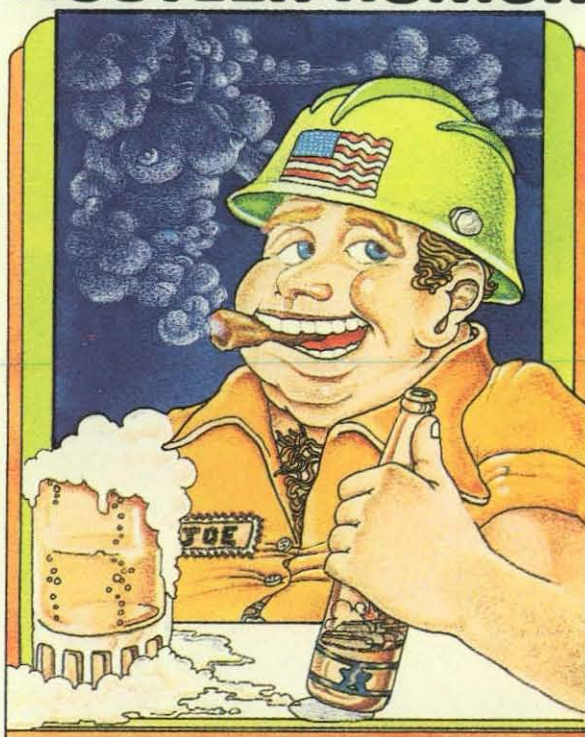
The young lady got the liver, and on the honeymoon night shoved it up her twat, jumped into bed and proceeded to show him one helluva time. After a few hours of play they both passed out. Upon waking in the morning she found no sign of her new husband except the note he left on his pillow. It read: "Honey, I want you to know that I love you very much, but after seeing the mess on the bedcovers, I must leave you.

P.S. Your cunt's in the sink!"

**HUSTLER's** definition of Innocence: A little old lady who works in a Kotex factory, and thinks she's making mattresses for mice.

Dinky Dan said he didn't do it,  
that he's not that type of guy.  
Dinky Dan had told the jury  
that he's not the type to lie.  
He said he couldn't do such a thing,  
that his morals are a wee bit higher.  
And besides, he was brought up better  
and even sang in his church choir.  
The defense tried so hard for Dinky  
but in the end he lost the case.  
The judge said he'd be put away  
to protect the human race.  
Dinky Dan didn't know what to do,  
he grabbed his head and pulled his hair.  
Then suddenly burst out in tears  
and jumped up on his chair.  
He screamed, "I couldn't do it,  
besides, I'm not a lunatic!"  
Dinky Dan dropped his pants  
revealing two marbles and a toothpick.

## HUSTLER HUMOR



**... and if you think  
that's funny...**

There was this couple marooned on a small island in the middle of the ocean, the only two survivors of a shipwreck. Her cunt was a perfect cherry, but after a couple of months he convinced her that they were never going to be rescued. So she gave up her cherry to his ramrod. After about two full years, she became so ashamed of what she was doing that she died.

A couple of years later, he became ashamed of what he was doing. And he buried her.

A stud picked up an aging dame in a bar and took her to his pad for an evening of fucking. As the grinding and groaning picked up tempo, he let his lips stray to the dame's tit. Latching firmly

ly onto the nipple, he began to suck vigorously—and got a mouthful of liquid. "Jesus, lady," he said, "aren't you too old to be giving milk?"

"Yes, honey," she cooed, "but I'm not too old to have cancer."

The old prospector finally hit it rich. He hadn't had any pussy for about 20 years so he went to a whorehouse and told the madam he wanted the roughest lady she had. She sent him up to a room with a girl, but the girl came down about a minute later.

They asked her what was wrong. She said that the prospector hadn't taken a bath in so long he had crud about an inch thick on him and she couldn't fuck him. So the head lady said she would handle him. But she came down in a couple of minutes, too.

She said the crud didn't bother her, but when she pulled the skin back on the head of his dick, there was a pack rat eating his headcheese. And she just could *not* handle that.

**Notice:** The jokes in **HUSTLER** Humor are not necessarily new jokes, but *funny* jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke which you feel is exceptionally funny, but which nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if we throw up, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

LARRY FLYNT'S

# HUSTLER CASINO

LOS ANGELES

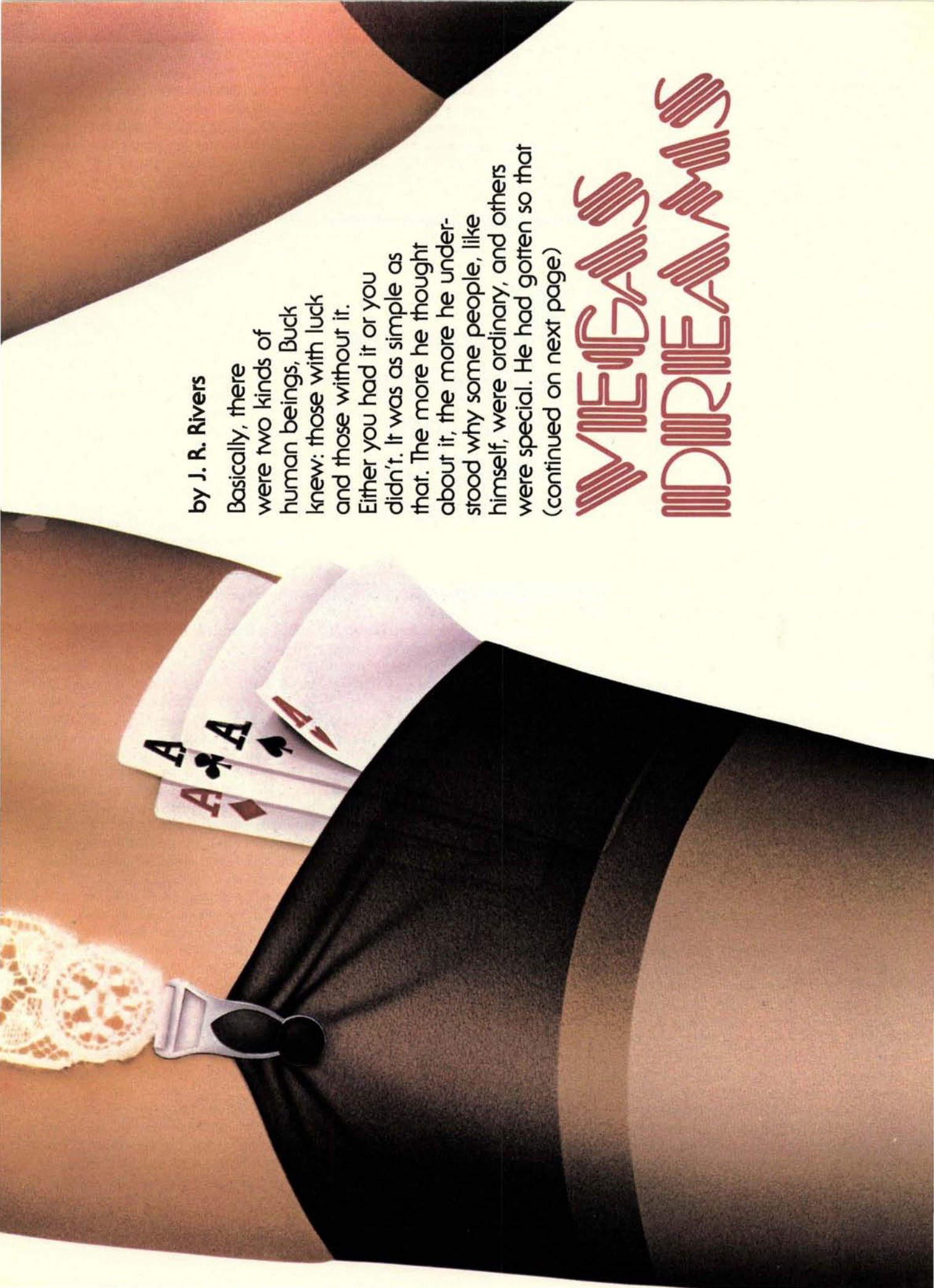
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by J. R. Rivers

Basically, there were two kinds of human beings, Buck knew: those with luck and those without it.

Either you had it or you didn't. It was as simple as that. The more he thought about it, the more he understood why some people, like himself, were ordinary, and others were special. He had gotten so that

(continued on next page)

VEGAS  
DREAMS

he could tell right away if a person had luck, could read it in their eyes, could discover the arrogance that always came with it—no matter how subtle—in some mannerism or other, and could even feel the power in their style.

Buck was left with the inescapable realization that he had never won much of anything: not at church bazaars, not on raffle tickets or the ponies, not even the office football lottery which he had been playing faithfully for almost ten years. Nor had he been lucky, for that matter, in love. Not that he hadn't had his share of Barbaras, Ellens, and Janettes—a long procession of office secretaries that went back over twenty years. But the best of them were like a good hand at poker—stimulating and engrossing through all the bluffs and bets, but forgettable as soon as you raked in the pot and turned your attention to the next hand.

Except, maybe, for Melissa. From the start, she had been more than the others, more even than Buck himself was ready or able to handle. Imbued with a dark, smoldering sensuality, she had dominated him in bed. He was never able to get enough of her, a fact Melissa recognized and exploited at every possible moment until that night when...

"Don't touch me," Melissa had told Buck, the muscles on her lush, nude body tightening as she pulled away from him.

"What's the matter?" Buck pleaded, his hand grasping his erect organ, almost as if he were restraining a wild, rearing stallion.

"I don't want to fuck you anymore." To emphasize her point she closed her legs, hiding her bushy cunt from Buck's eyes.

It had not been a pleasant scene. Nor did things improve a moment later when he grabbed the girl, one hand on her throat, the other at her thighs, pushing her legs apart. He did not listen to her screams as he inserted his cock in her.

In revenge, Melissa refused to respond to him. During the whole time he was fucking her, the girl's dark eyes stared up at him impassively, and her body did not move at all.

And this, he realized now, had a lot to do with why he had taken this trip. He had started to brood over the disturbing fact that he was going to be 50 years old in another month. Another year of his life was beginning with no promise of its being any different from all the other years. For the first time in his life, he found himself wishing he were someone else. So at the end of the week, without knowing exactly why, he withdrew his life's savings from the bank and headed out Route 80 toward Las Vegas. He was glad his boss hadn't asked him why he wanted to take leave, because

he couldn't have explained it...

The rain had tapered to a fine mist when he caught sight of a figure standing by the road just outside Vegas. The apparition huddled in the thin glow of the car's headlights, headless under a dark shirt, an arm hanging out carelessly in the direction of the road. Though back home he never stopped for hitchhikers, Buck needed someone to complain to so badly that he

 You know how many people leave here winning? One in a thousand."

pulled the car sharply to the right, his back wheels skidding on the slick pavement, and rolled to a stop on the shoulder a hundred feet or so beyond the hitchhiker. In the rearview mirror Buck could see that he was a young boy, college-age, his jacket swinging in one hand and a duffelbag in the other as he ran toward the car. When he climbed into the front seat, bringing with him the smell of damp flannel and canvas, there was neither relief nor gratitude on his face.

After a perfunctory introduction from which he learned his passenger's name was Rudy, Buck eased the Chrysler back onto the highway. For a few moments he said nothing, watching the rain beating harder now on the road in front of him, giving the boy time to settle himself. Then, almost uncontrollably, with a mixture of self-pity and helpless anger more intense than anything he'd felt since childhood, he blurted out, "The bitch I've been living with just walked out on me."

"Tough luck," the boy said, with just enough indifference to jolt Buck out of himself, measuring his personal grief against the colder, more objective framework of the world.

What's it really matter to anyone else, Buck thought, and he had to laugh in spite of himself. *Tough luck*, he thought. *Tough goddamn luck*. He suddenly felt better, freer, than he had in days.

Rudy merely shrugged his shoulders when Buck asked if he wanted a ride as far as Vegas. Buck could tell that Rudy had luck, but the boy didn't know it yet and wouldn't care if he did. He had an indifference—maybe even contempt—for life that Buck couldn't understand that was as plain as the summer's tan on the boy's face.

Rudy said his old man was the owner of a huge cattle ranch in Wyoming. "He always bought me everything I wanted," he told Buck. Rudy was bumming around for the summer, seeing the country.

"Well, how come you're not riding around in your Daddy's Cadillac?" Buck wanted to know. "Instead of hitchin'."

"I like hitchin'," was all he would say.

Buck glanced over at him. *Things might have been a lot different*, he thought, *if I'd been that good-looking as a kid*. As he eased forward on the accelerator, he thought, *Hell, I've got luck with me now. That's all a man needs in this goddamned life*.

It was only when he saw Vegas rise up out of the desert ahead of him, its lights like luminescent petals scattered against the wild, purple twilight sky, that he knew why he had come. This trip was a necessary and unavoidable battle for his manhood, and the Vegas casinos which rose defiantly into the emptiness of the desert sky were his arena.

• • •

On his first hand he drew three kings and knew his luck was still with him. The pot was thirty-five bucks, and when he had stacked the chips in front of him, he smiled at the dealer, a young blonde who was sexy in a tough-looking way. She didn't smile back. On her blouse was a black and white heart-shaped tag which read "Jodie Love."

He was about to make a wisecrack about her name but thought better of it. Instead, he looked for Rudy on the casino floor. The table was set up on a roped-off platform at one end of the casino, and from where he sat he had a long view of the gaming tables spread out fan-shaped before him. He liked this casino, although it wasn't one of the better-known spots. Earlier, they had wandered through the Sands and the Flamingo and the Palace, but he didn't feel comfortable at any of them. This casino was two blocks from the Strip, smaller than the others and a little less crowded. The atmosphere was lower-keyed. He couldn't put it into words, but he knew this was the spot for him. He couldn't find Rudy in the crowd and turned his attention back to the game.

There were six of them playing, including the dealer, two businessmen who seemed to know each other, a well-dressed Chinese who counted his stack of chips with his eyes after every game, and a sober-

faced guy in a blue suede shirt-jacket he figured for the shill. The stakes were low by professional standards—five bucks to open, ten bucks maximum—but large enough to result in some fair-sized pots. Buck had a run of unusually good luck and won five out of the first six hands. Within fifteen minutes he was already up 500 bucks and feeling pretty good.

He normally played a tight game, but as the night wore on and his winnings piled up in front of him, he began to loosen up, bluffing heavily, making anybody who chased him pay dearly for it. It was the arrogance that came with not being afraid to lose, a sense of being blessed by a special grace which shielded him from loss, pain, and defeat—the common run of his life and of most human lives. Because the table was set up on a platform higher than the rest of the casino, it was easy for him to imagine that he was on stage, a celebrity whose performance was the highlight of a lifetime career. The players changed. The Chinese dropped out after an hour and was replaced by a fat, jovial man who kept laughing despite the fact that he lost heavily. One of the businessmen dropped out, and an older woman sat in. The shill was replaced by another shill.

Buck lost all sense of time. It was always game time in the casinos; he immersed himself in the rhythm of the game, the rhythm of the person he was becoming. Once in a while, when he lost heavily on a particular hand, he felt some of his old feelings about being the loser he'd been all his life, but for the most part that person remained a shadow, a ghost who couldn't really touch him now.

He found himself becoming fascinated in a strange way with the dealer, who rarely spoke and never smiled or showed any expression on her hard, tight face. He wanted to know what, if anything, lay behind her blankness. The quick, smooth motions of her hands as she shuffled, dealt and swept up the cards, were like caresses, and he felt genuine disappointment when she was replaced by another dealer, a man. But after an hour she was back.

"What are you doing tonight when you get finished?" he asked her soon after she sat down.

Her face maintained the same expressionless stare; her voice was firm, a cutting edge. "I go right home after work," she said.

"That's too bad," Buck laughed, when once he would have been insulted. His voice was brash and loud enough for the entire table to hear. "You and me could really hit it off, baby." But she appeared not to have heard him. She stared off into space as she shuffled, the cards flying through her fingers with delicate precision. He was

seized by a sudden desire to smash through her indifference. He imagined fucking her right there in the casino, her legs spread apart as she sat on the edge of the poker table with his prick rammed between her legs as hard and sharp as a cue stick, as if he were playing billiards with her cunt. And then he was chasing her up and down the aisles of slot machines, finally catching her and shoving her up against one of them, the machine spewing out a thunderous load of nickels and dimes as he fucked her again. *I'm going to fuck that bitch, he promised himself, before I leave this town.*

At the end of an hour she was relieved again, this time apparently for the night, and Buck decided to quit, too. Enviously, he watched her walk away. There was a self-contained rhythm to her walk, a casual flick of her ass that declared superiority, or at least indifference, to everything around her. Again he said to himself, *I'm going to fuck that bitch before I leave this town.* He went over to the window to cash in his chips, came out ahead by almost three grand, and then looked for Rudy, who had lost badly at craps and was sitting at one of the club's three bars.

Behind the bar, on a raised platform, a singing group called Crystal and the Desert Nymphs was performing. There were four of them, and they all wore silver wigs and shimmery red-sequined dresses so you could see every tremor of their bodies as they swayed to the soft jazz-rock beat. The one that Rudy's eyes were fixed on was Crystal, the lead singer, whose slim, foxy body trembled in the surrealistic blue lights of the stage like a vision in a wet dream.

"That's all right," Buck said when Rudy told him how much he'd lost at the crap tables. "I've got enough luck for both of us." He peeled off a C-note from his roll and slapped it on the bar.

But Rudy didn't give a fuck about money. He wasn't impressed by its presence, nor was he worried by its absence. If he had it, he spent it; if he didn't, well, he'd find other ways of passing the time.

So, unlike Buck, he wasn't here to prove himself at the gaming tables. What he did want was a good fuck, a Vegas fuck, and the chick he'd settled on was Crystal, the lead Desert Nymph herself. That night, after he heard Buck snoring across the room, he pulled himself off, thinking of the way her body shimmied beneath her tight dress.

The next night, while Buck was off at the poker table, he sat down in the Cactus Flower lounge at a table right below the stage, so that he could look almost all the way up Crystal's legs as she performed. All night long his reverie was interrupted by bits and pieces of conversations he heard about "this guy" who was cleaning out the

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house. It took him a while to realize they were talking about Buck, and then he paid closer attention to the comments, finding them amusing because they were so contradictory and inaccurate. "He's a big-time gambler from New York," he overheard one man saying. "I hear he's part of the syndicate in Chicago," another man said. "He teaches math at Harvard," a frail, middle-aged man said. "He figured out the system while he was on sabbatical leave." The man's wife, a frowsy blonde, turned to him and said loudly enough for everyone near them in the lounge to hear, "I wish I was the lucky girl he was coming home to."

Rudy had to laugh, because apparently he was the only person in the casino who knew the truth about Buck, that he was just an ordinary guy trying to feel important for a moment or two before he turned into an old man. But the rumors prodded Rudy into making a move for Crystal. After all, he reasoned to himself, he couldn't let Buck have all the glory. So, after her fourth set, when he'd drunk enough bourbon to bolster his courage, he intercepted her as she came down off the stage.

"Can I buy you a drink?" he offered, the hard-on he'd had all night, watching her, threatening to rip through his pants and expose him then and there.

But all she said was, "I don't associate with hippies," brushing past him as if he wasn't there.

"Fuck!" he said more loudly than he realized, because suddenly everyone in the lounge was staring at him. "Fuck her."

The next afternoon Buck was in the motel restaurant, having lunch alone, when a short, balding man in a khaki leisure suit approached him. "Mr. Buckley," he said, smiling as if they were old friends who hadn't seen each other in years.

"Yes," Buck nodded, continuing to eat as he scrutinized the man.

"You're becoming quite a celebrity," the man continued. "I hear you're giving the Fountain a run for its money."

"What's it to you?" Buck wanted to know.

"May I sit down?" the man asked, sitting down at the table before Buck could reply. "My name's Harris," he said. "I'm doing a series of articles on the clubs out here for the *Times*."

"Why do you want to talk to me?"


"Because," Harris smiled broadly, "you are a rarity out here; you're a winner." Then he lowered his voice and said, "You know how many people leave here winning?"

"No," Buck said.

"One in a thousand. Imagine that—999 losers for every winner. Do you want to know how much they pull in out here a year?" He was excited about his information and babbled on despite Buck's ap-

parent indifference. "One hundred million; that's what they file with the IRS, so you can figure, in reality, it's close to two hundred million. You know what this country could do with two hundred million? I mean," and here he leaned across the table closer to Buck, "imagine if the government owned Vegas; we could eliminate the income tax completely. Nobody would have to pay any taxes. Think about it."

But Buck didn't want to think about it. He was tired from last night, and he wanted to

 All it takes is  
a little bread  
to turn a hard-  
nosed bitch into  
a cooing dove."

get outside into the sun. "You think about it," he said, getting up.

"I'll be watching you, Mr. Buckley," Harris called after him, "to see how you make out."

Outside, Buck found Rudy at the swimming pool, drinking in the hot Nevada sun. Rudy was feeling restless and out of sorts, and he tried to distract himself with the morning paper. "This place gives me the creeps," he said. But Buck, who was lying face down on the lounge chair next to him, didn't reply. "Listen to this," Rudy said, looking up from the paper.

"What?" Buck managed, still hung over from the drinking he'd done last night after his poker game.

"Two guys tried to hold up the Flamingo last night. They were gunned down in the alley behind it while they were trying to get away."

"Serves 'em right," Buck grunted.

"Whaddyou mean?" Rudy asked, pissed off. "They machine-gunned them! The bodies couldn't even be identified after the shooting."

"You don't take on more than you can handle in this world," Buck said, turning over to get some sun on his face. "If you're smart."

"But what if they thought they *could* handle it?" Rudy persisted. "What if they counted on a little luck?"

"That's just it," Buck said. "You got to

know when you can count on luck, and when you can't. You've got to play within the odds."

"And what about you?" Rudy wanted to know. "Are you playing within the odds? Seems to me you're pressing your luck at them poker tables."

"I figure I got about two days more I can count on," Buck said. "Then I'm gonna quit. The way I see it is I'm up about twenty-five grand. I'd be crazy to quit now."

"If you ask me, you're crazy not to quit while you're ahead. Stay around here long enough and you'll blow it all. Like every other sucker."

"Somethin's been eatin' you all afternoon," Buck said.

"I think we ought to get outta here. This place gives me the creeps."

"It ain't the place," Buck said, thinking how he'd felt better in these last two days than he'd felt all his life. "Hell, this place is paradise. More sun, money, and beautiful chicks than anywhere else on earth. If Adam and Eve were alive today, this is where they'd be. The fucking Garden of Eden."

"Yeah," Rudy said, his tone as much a bummer as his state of mind.

"What is it?" Buck wanted to know. "Is it that singer-cunt you've got the hots for?"

"Maybe," Rudy conceded. "But that ain't all of it. It's a feeling I've got. A bad feeling about this place—that underneath all this fucking glitter and neon something really stinks."

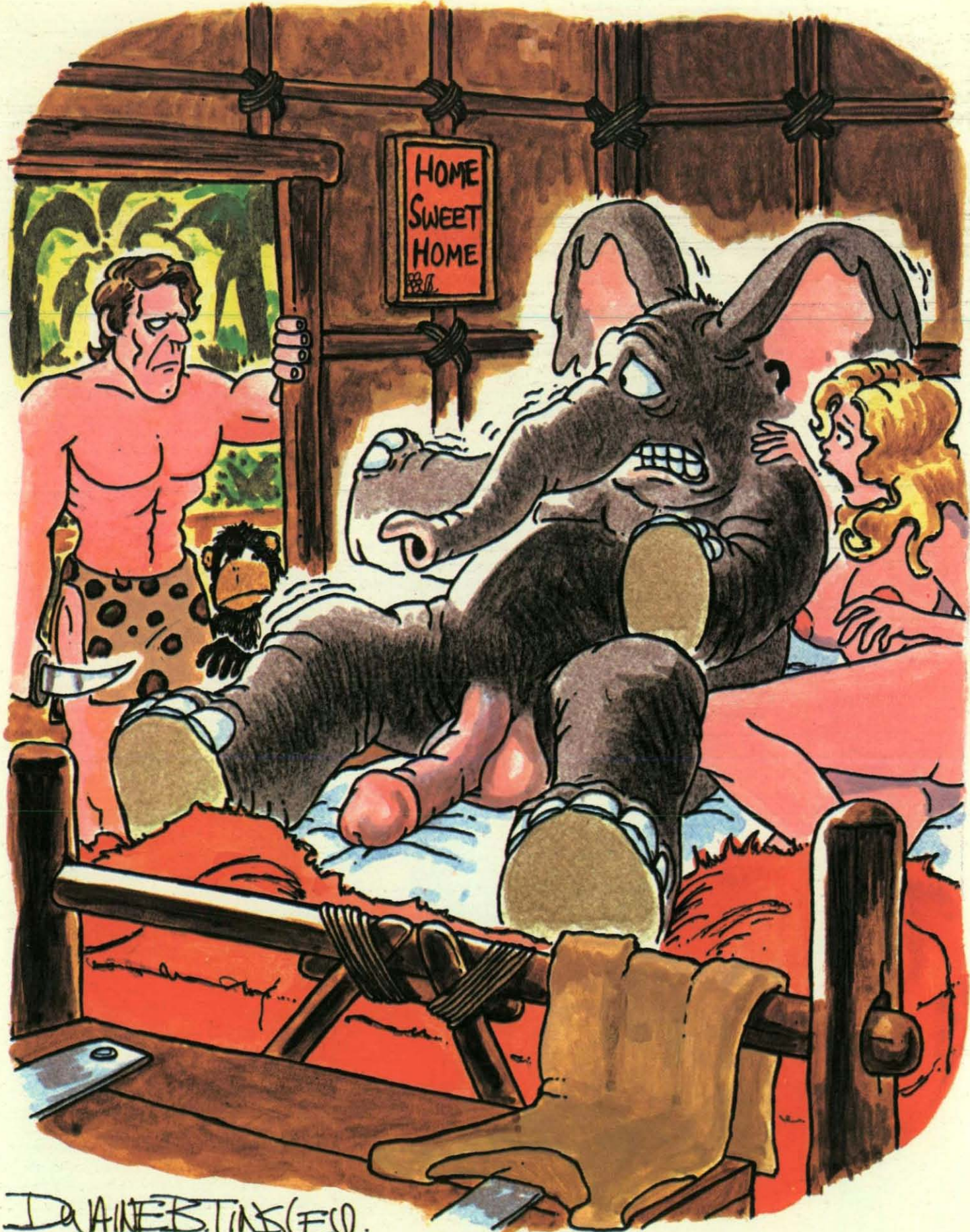
"All right," Buck said after thinking about it for a while. "You've been my luck on this trip, and I don't aim to cross my luck. Just give me tonight. We'll take off in the morning."

Tonight was the big one, Buck knew. Last night, after he'd cashed in his winnings, a dark-suited man whom he recognized as the floor manager had approached him.

"Congratulations, Mr. Buckley," he said. "You're a man of distinguished talent at the tables. And we've got a special game for our most distinguished guests. Of course, if you're interested."

"Sure," Buck said. "I'm interested."

That night when he arrived at the casino, the floor manager greeted him cordially and personally escorted him up in the elevator to the eighth floor of the hotel. Buck was ushered into a suite furnished with posh blue rugs, gold chandeliers, and oil paintings of nudes on the walls. A game was already in progress. There was an empty seat waiting for him, and he took his place while a mini-skirted waitress descended upon him immediately and inquired if he wanted a drink. He liked her legs and would have liked to say "yes," but he knew that this wasn't the time for drinking. Not in this



DAVE COVERLY

"OOMGOWA, TIMBA!"

game with its 500 buck ante. He wanted to give his luck every chance it had.

He played for five hours, winning steadily. The dealers changed every half hour; players left and were replaced by others who, like himself, were all escorted by the floor manager. And all the while his luck held up under pressure. By two o'clock in the morning, he estimated he'd cleared about 50 grand, and he was about to call it a night when Jodie Love came in to replace the shill. He smiled at her, and to his surprise she returned the smile.

"I guess I'll stay for a couple more hands," he said, and she smiled again.

He played for half an hour more, his luck beginning to falter slightly. Not that he lost, but he figured that during that extra half hour he was doing no better than breaking even. He decided to call it quits. He felt the eyes of the others at the table watch him enviously as he got up to leave.

"How about a drink downstairs?" he asked Jodie, who happened to get up just as he was leaving.

"The management doesn't allow us to drink in the casino," she explained with a softer voice than she used when she was dealing. "But if we go to your place, that'd be legal."

"Suits me," Buck said. "Suits me fine." To himself he thought, *All it takes is a little bread to turn a hard-nosed bitch into a cooing dove.*

Downstairs in the casino, his arm slung around Jodie's shoulders, he swaggered through the crowds like he was an exiled king who had suddenly and miraculously been returned to his kingdom. The crou-

piers and dealers eyed him with a mixture of distrust and awe, as if the luck he possessed was both enviable and dangerous. He guided Jodie into the Cactus Flower and found Rudy at a dark corner table, more moody and sullen than this afternoon.

"You still want her?" Buck asked, jerking his thumb in the direction of the stage.

"Sure," Rudy said. "But wanting ain't having."

Buck waited until Crystal finished her set—the final set, he figured, from the lateness of the hour. When she came down off the stage, he intercepted her and, using his new-found bravado, coaxed her over into a quiet corner of the bar. In a matter of moments he was walking back across the lounge with her in Rudy's direction.

"How much it cost you?" Rudy asked before they left the casino, while Jodie and Crystal were in the ladies' room.

"Don't worry about it," Buck said. "Just enjoy it."

The Strip was as bright as day even though it was almost three in the morning, the neon lights making crazy, colorful patterns against the black night sky. When they got to the motel, Buck called room service and ordered champagne. Jodie was all over him, and he had a hard time convincing himself that this was the same bitch who had twitched her ass in disdain at him two days ago.

"You're a winner, Buckie," she said when she was drunk on the champagne, running her fingers through his thinning hair as they sat together on the edge of the bed. Crystal and Rudy were already going at it hot and heavy on the other bed.

"Don't call me Buckie," he said, feeling the name inappropriate to his new-found identity as a big man.

"Well, you're a winner anyway," she said, draining her glass of champagne and holding it out to him to refill. "A real winner."

"You ain't seen nothing yet," he said, knocking the glass out of her hand and pushing her roughly back on the bed. She squirmed on the satin-sheen bedspread, her dress riding up almost to her crotch, her pink panties in full view, waiting for him to rip them off. Which he did. Reaching over with a quick flick of his wrist, Buck snapped them off, enjoying the sensation of the smooth cloth ripping in his fingers, as if it was her cunt itself that he was ripping. Then he stood back, opened his zipper, and took his prick out in his hand, enjoying the feel of it—it seemed larger than it had ever been.

"A little luck goes a long way," he said. He pulled off his pants, letting his prick hang out. He didn't bother to take off his shirt. Instead, he grabbed her by the ankles and flipped her over, pushing her dress up over the crack of her ass. He spat into her asshole so that there was some moisture for his prick when he slid it in.

"Hey, man, take it easy," she pleaded. But he ignored her words, forcing his prick all the way up her asshole, feeling the shaft stretch and loosen almost against its will. As he began to thrust inward and upward, he thought of the way her ass had twitched when she walked away from the poker table in the casino. He felt a gentle satisfaction inside himself despite the rough drive of his prick.

She was crying out in pain as he thrust, but he didn't stop for her. "A bitch like you ought to be used to this," he said. He thought of all the office girls he had tried this with. One had fainted on him before he got his prick halfway through the hole. Another had run out of the apartment half-naked, shouting in the hallway that he was a pervert, for all his goddamn neighbors to hear. Another had vomited on his pillow. So he had given up trying to satisfy this desire, this obsession he'd had with ass-fucking since he was a kid. Or maybe he hadn't given it up, but had just stored it away inside himself, waiting for the right opportunity. Which was now, with this casino cunt; he was making her pay for all the years he'd waited.

On the other bed, Crystal was sucking Rudy off. Rudy had begun by licking her cunt, then her asshole. He dragged his cock up along her spine and shoved it into her silver-frosted wig. He had intended this only as a gag, but he found himself getting off on it, the treated hair tingling against the flesh of his prick. He began to pump harder, his breath coming in short, hot gasps until, be-



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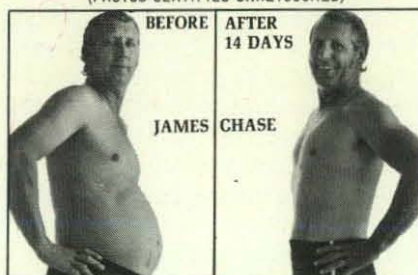
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(PHOTOS CERTIFIED UNRETOUCHED)



**Weight: 218 lbs.  
Waist: 44 1/4 in.**

**Weight: 205 lbs.  
Waist: 37 in.**

you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well-being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it, remaining trim without regaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles."

**Use Our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan And We Guarantee These Results: "Do one "5" Minute Exercise twice daily, eat anything you like (JUST 20% LESS), you'll lose pounds and inches, improve vitality, fitness within 14 days—or your \$7.98 will be refunded."**

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It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!

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Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
G. C.	25 lbs.	5 1/4 in.	(14 days)
M. F.	32 lbs.	6 3/4 in.	(24 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	8 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6 3/4 in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6 1/4 in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes twice daily and reduced their food intake—temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

**DO IT NOW!** It's America's most successful body shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

#### Satisfaction Guaranteed!

"Use our improved '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan for 14 days! See what it can do for you! If it is not what we say it is, simply return it to us, in good condition, for your \$7.98 refund."

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fore he knew it, he felt his prick twitch and shoot out the scalding hot cum in jagged bursts against her scalp.

Buck had pulled out of Jodie's ass and turned her over, face up. He knelt over her face, his knees straddling her head, his prick, hot and wet from her hole, casting a shadow over her face. He pushed it down into her mouth. She turned her face aside in disgust.

"No," she said. "No."

But Buck pulled her mouth up under his prick, pried open her lips, and shoved it inside, watching her face writhe like a fish trying to throw a hook as she tried to spit it out. He used both his hands and the weight of his body on her chest to keep her in position as he slowly rode his prick in and out of her mouth. She seemed to relax finally and accept the taste of her own shit in her mouth. She even began to help him along by stroking the upper part of his prick, rubbing it up and down with the same rhythm as his thrusts. He was so horny by this time that he came in a matter of moments, feeling his cum shoot against the roof of her mouth. She started to choke, so he pulled out of her and let her sit up.

He looked over to see how Rudy and Crystal were doing. The sight of their naked bodies and interlocked legs made him realize that he was still horny as hell, so he yanked Jodie up and brought her over to the other bed.

"Move over," he said to Crystal, pinching her ass. She looked up at him and slid obediently over to Rudy's side.

"Hey! What's the big fucking idea?" Rudy demanded.

Buck lifted Jodie up and sat her down on Rudy's crotch. "Here's the big fucking idea," he laughed, and stepped up on the bed, climbing over Rudy to get to Crystal. He'd paid enough for her, he figured he might as well get his money's worth. He began to fuck Crystal missionary style. Rudy watched them until he, too, got horny again and climbed up on Jodie. The two of them, the old man and the young one, humped side by side on the bed, like two cowboys of old, riding herd.

When Buck finally fell back exhausted on the bed with Jodie on one side of him and Crystal on the other, he reached out to finger their cunts. *A pussy in each hand*, was Buck's last thought before falling asleep. *A man can't do better than that in this fucking life.*

• • •

Someone was trying to awaken him. Buck opened his eyes, felt sick—drugged—and closed them again.

"Wake up," Rudy's voice said. "Wake up, goddammit!"

When he opened his eyes a second time,

Rudy's face was clearer and alarmed. Buck's hands were empty—no pussy—and for a moment he wondered where the girls had gone. Outside the windows the sky was a pale gray.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"I don't know," Rudy said. He was naked, his prick hanging limp between his legs. "It don't matter. We got trouble."

"What?" Buck asked, sitting up.

Rudy went over to the bathroom door. "Come here," he said.

Buck struggled up from the bed and walked unsteadily toward the bathroom door. In the tub lay a man's body. Blood was trickling down one side of his face and seeping through his shirt. It was Harris, the reporter he'd met in the restaurant yesterday afternoon.

"He's dead as a doornail," Rudy said. "Dead as a fucking doornail."

"We've been set up," Buck said. And the horrible realization that struck him was that maybe everything, the girls, maybe even the winning, too, was all a part of it. It hadn't been luck at all, just a fucking set-up to dump a body. "Let's get the fuck out of here," he said.

"What about the body?"

"Forget it," Buck said, looking around for his clothes.

"Maybe we ought to try and get rid of it."

"If I figure this right," Buck said, pulling on his pants, "they've tipped the cops off already. Hiding the body ain't going to do us any good." He caught Rudy staring dumbly into the bathroom, with a look on his face that was both naive and perplexed, revealing his innocence. "Get dressed, for Chrissakes," Buck yelled at him.

They were a half hour outside Vegas when Buck turned the car off the main highway onto a dirt road that ran out into the desert. "There's an Indian reservation out here somewhere," Buck explained. "Maybe we can hide out there awhile, until we figure out what we're gonna do. We got enough money to bribe a couple of hundred Indians, I figure, if we have to."

The sun had been up only a few minutes, but already the air was hot and the glare off the sand was a blinding white. The car spewed a trail of brown dust behind it like exhaust.

"I told you we should have gotten out of there while we were ahead, didn't I?" Rudy said, sulky and bitter. His future, which he

had counted on because he had never had

any reason not to, had suddenly led into a dead end in the last hour. "Didn't I?"

"Bitchin' ain't going to do us any good now," Buck said. And then, after a few seconds, "What's that?"

"What?"

"That noise."

Far off there was a low, steady drone.

Buck scanned the desert around them, but there was nothing but sagebrush and sand for as far as the eye could see.

"Up there," Rudy said, pointing in the direction of Vegas.

There was a small dot in the sky, moving slowly toward them. Buck saw it then, too.

"A chopper," he said before it took shape.

"A goddamn chopper. The cops use them out here to patrol the desert."

He gunned the Chrysler, sensing the futility even as he did it. The car careened from side to side on the hard-packed sand. Buck's face assumed a hardened, impenetrable look, as if he were trying to block out the sound of the chopper, which grew steadily louder. It was directly behind them now, following them above the road, and then there was another sound mingled with the chopper's motor—the sound of a siren. In his rearview mirror, beyond the trail of dust that hung like smoke over the desert, he saw a line of police cars following them.

The chopper was almost directly over them now. It cast a giant black shadow on the sand in front of them, its engine noise deafening. Buck felt more trapped than he ever had in his entire lifetime. There was nothing but the bleak emptiness of the desert on all sides of him, and he realized that there was no way in the world that he was going to escape the terrible shadow of the chopper. He realized, too, something that he had not known before: it wasn't true that he had never had luck; luck had always been on his side. It had kept him free of disease and suffering and death for forty-nine years. What he had experienced at the poker tables in Vegas was just a more obvious manifestation of it, a very *superficial* manifestation. Now, here in the desert, his luck had finally run out.

The chopper swung down over the car, hung low over the road for several hundred yards, and then stopped in midair, slowly beginning to descend. In the mirror, Buck saw the line of police cars closing in behind him. He slowed the car to avoid running into the chopper. The police cars fanned out in a rough circle around him, with their sirens wailing and red lights flashing, spraying clouds of sand behind them. Buck jerked the car to a stop and stared helplessly at the uniformed police leaping from the circle of cars, coming toward them with their guns drawn.

## THE PHILOSOPHER

He who is imprisoned in evil does not escape from it for fear of encountering—evil.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



## THE GIRL FROM OUTER SPACE

She was the vanguard of a dying race who came to Earth from a sterile planet, searching for that which would once again make her world blossom. To be ravished was her only desire. To give pleasure was her only plan.

One night she met a man on a lonely road near Houston. Her metallic eyes drew him to her like a magnet. The texture of her skin was cold and brittle, but the fire in her soul burned

with the blue-white heat of a solar furnace.

She gave him all her cosmic pleasure, teaching him new ecstasies. In return, he gave her his vital seed of procreation. Two separate cultures that may never meet again moved together in fiery unison.

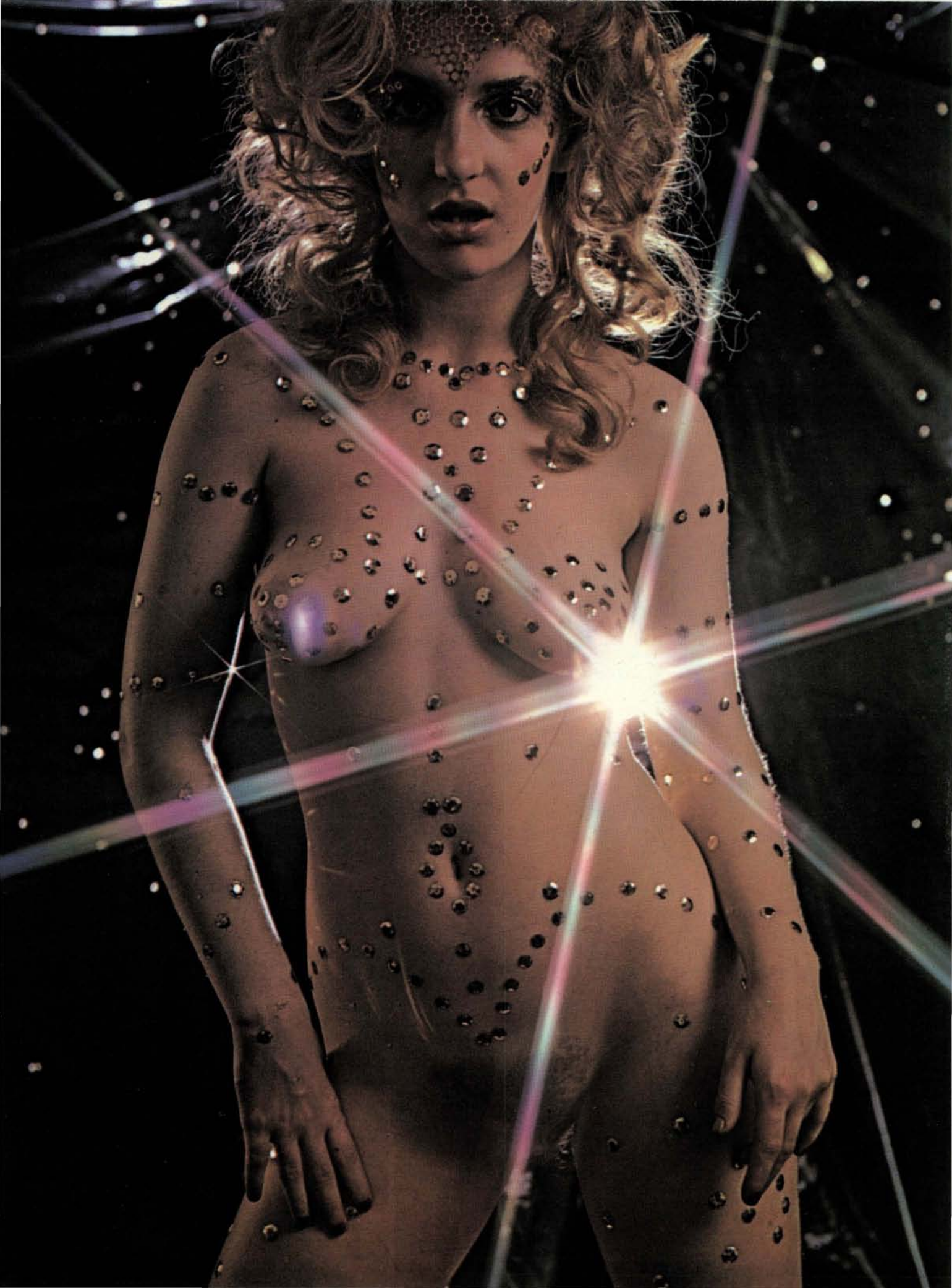
Their lips lingered only for a moment, and then she was gone—back to the silent sky from whence she came, carrying the gift of life.

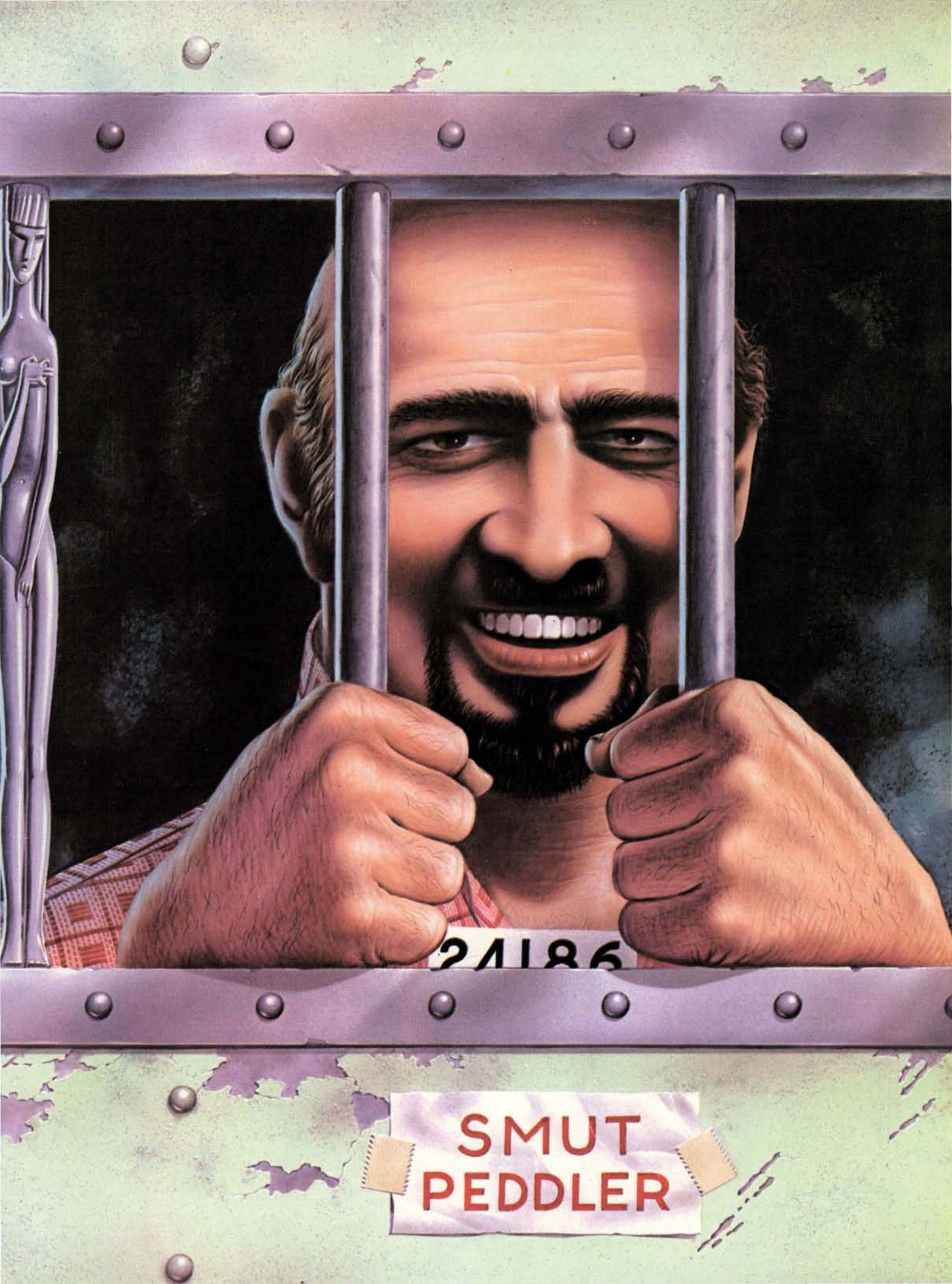
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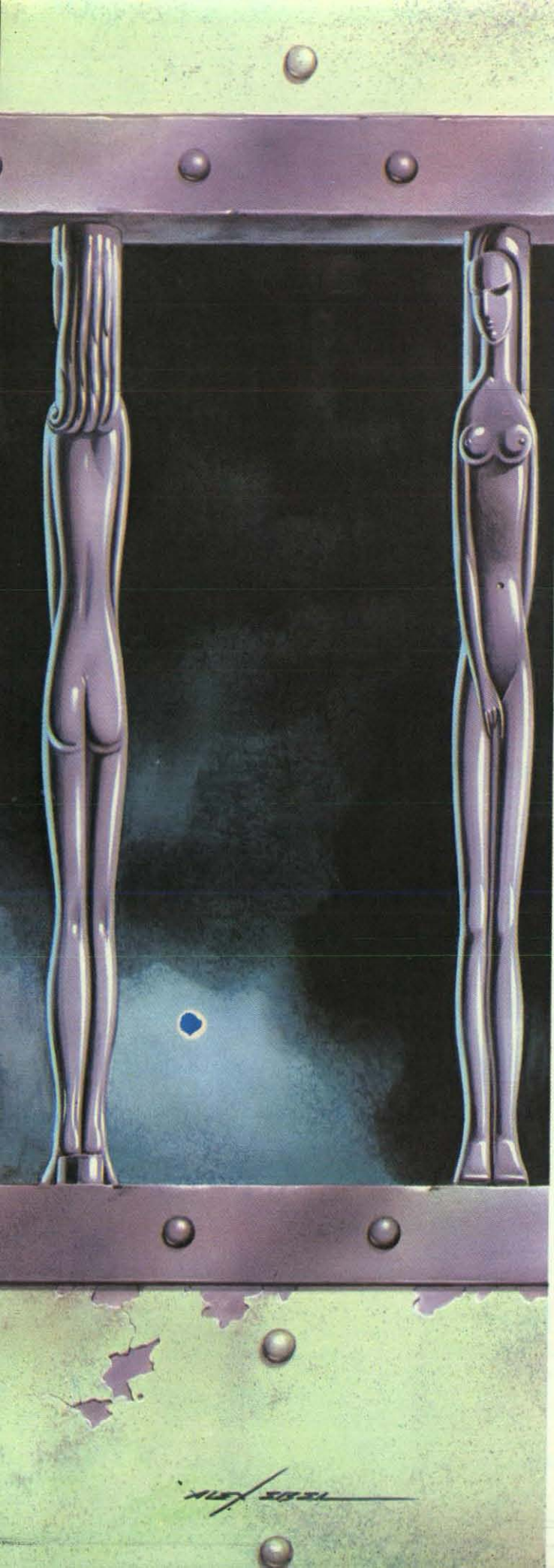






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**SMUT  
PEDDLER**



## HUSTLER PROFILE

# MIKE THEVIS

## SMUT SULTAN, BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

by Jim Michaels

Remember 1971? Among other things, it was a terrific year for the sex business. In New York, thanks to local courts and profit-minded theater managers, explicit films were moving out of sweaty Times Square cinemas and into major playhouses. On the west coast, San Francisco

and Los Angeles were setting the pace for the massage parlor boom. Adult bookstores and peep shows were popping up everywhere at an even greater pace than McDonald's hamburger stands. Local drugstores were getting in on the action, too, if only by making vibrators widely

available for the first time.

But on an August day in New Orleans, a man the government wanted badly had just been convicted on what the press called "smut charges." His actual offense had been to ship sex paperbacks from his warehouse in Atlanta to his shops in New Orleans—the kind of books you now buy at your local candy store. As he listened to the judge denounce him as a blight on a decent community, a Federal grand jury in Atlanta was busy indicting him at that moment for similar misdeeds. Only two months earlier, he'd been convicted on another obscenity rap in Beaumont, Texas. Sex may have been booming everywhere, but for a variety of reasons, the Feds were focusing their attention and ire on this man.

His name was Mike Thevis. In the South, he was often referred to as "the porn king." At *Reader's Digest*, he became the "sultan of smut"—about as low as you can get on that magazine's moral scale. By contrast, the *Digest* thought the only thing Nixon did wrong was to get caught.

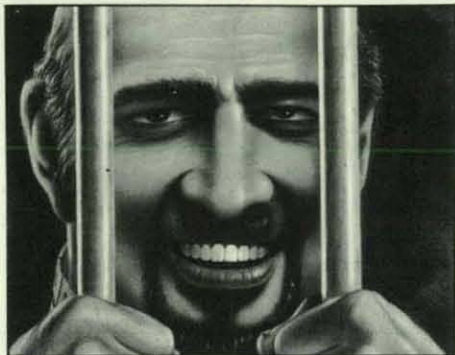
Despite the public name-calling, Thevis was largely unknown around the country, except to dealers in what he called "adult materials," and to federal agents. To them, he was, indeed, probably the biggest porn merchant around, a man who'd built a business empire selling sex books, magazines, films, peep show machines, and various sexual paraphernalia. Thevis had gotten so rich with porn that he owned a sizable piece of Atlanta, including numerous legitimate businesses.

The sheer magnitude of his success was one reason the Feds were after him. Another was his alleged ties to the cops' handy bogeyman, organized crime. Still another was the fact that his domain was the Bible Belt, where a jury of upstanding citizens could always be found to jail anyone who said "fuck" instead of "begat."

So there was Thevis on display in a New Orleans courtroom, a boon for curious spectators out to discover what an authentic porno king was like. At that time, he looked something like Telly Savalas with a band of hair around the rim. (He slimmed down later and grew a goatee, changing his image to boutique hip.) Bags under his eyes made him look older than his 39 years. He wore mod suits. He seemed articulate and worldly-wise. When he spoke, he revealed a trace of egotism, a touch of irony, and an appreciation of the absurdity of the world. Moving with energy and authority, he always seemed composed. He didn't drool or wipe his nose on his sleeve as some Bible Belters had supposed.

The spectators also discovered that the first book published by Thevis had been

## **T**hevis's reputation as a tough guy was enhanced by the fact that a number of his associates have died from bullet wounds.



about theology, not sex. The book was *The Godless Christians*. In it, Professor Thomas Altizer despairingly coined the slogan: "God is dead." Thevis himself had written a book a few years earlier—one of the first opposing the war in Vietnam. Neither book had sold, and Thevis had moved on to racier stuff. Clearly, Thevis was not your typical, stereotype smut sultan.

None of this impressed Judge Herbert Christenberry, though. With a bang of his gavel, the judge sentenced Thevis to five years in the pen. There was a low gasp from the onlookers. Christenberry ignored it. Peering down at Thevis, he offered a deal. He would grant Thevis bail while his lawyers appealed the conviction, but only if Thevis would promise right then and there to dismantle his sex empire. The judge wondered, would Thevis agree to that?

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### **THE PHILOSOPHER**

**Everyone thinks that his things are not like all the things in the world. And that is why everyone keeps them.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA

---

No, he would not. "For one thing, your honor," he said, "I've got over 1,000 employees who depend on me for their livelihood and that of their families," and he wasn't about to abandon them. Couldn't the judge sympathize with that? Besides, Thevis said, he felt he hadn't done anything wrong. And what's more, he told the judge, he didn't think the court had dealt fairly with him—the punishment far outweighed the offense. All this was spoken earnestly in Thevis's usual animated way, but with no hint of contrition. To no one's surprise, least of all Thevis's, Christenberry ordered him directly from the courtroom to jail. (Fifteen days later, his lawyers persuaded the Supreme Court to let Thevis post bond while they appealed.)

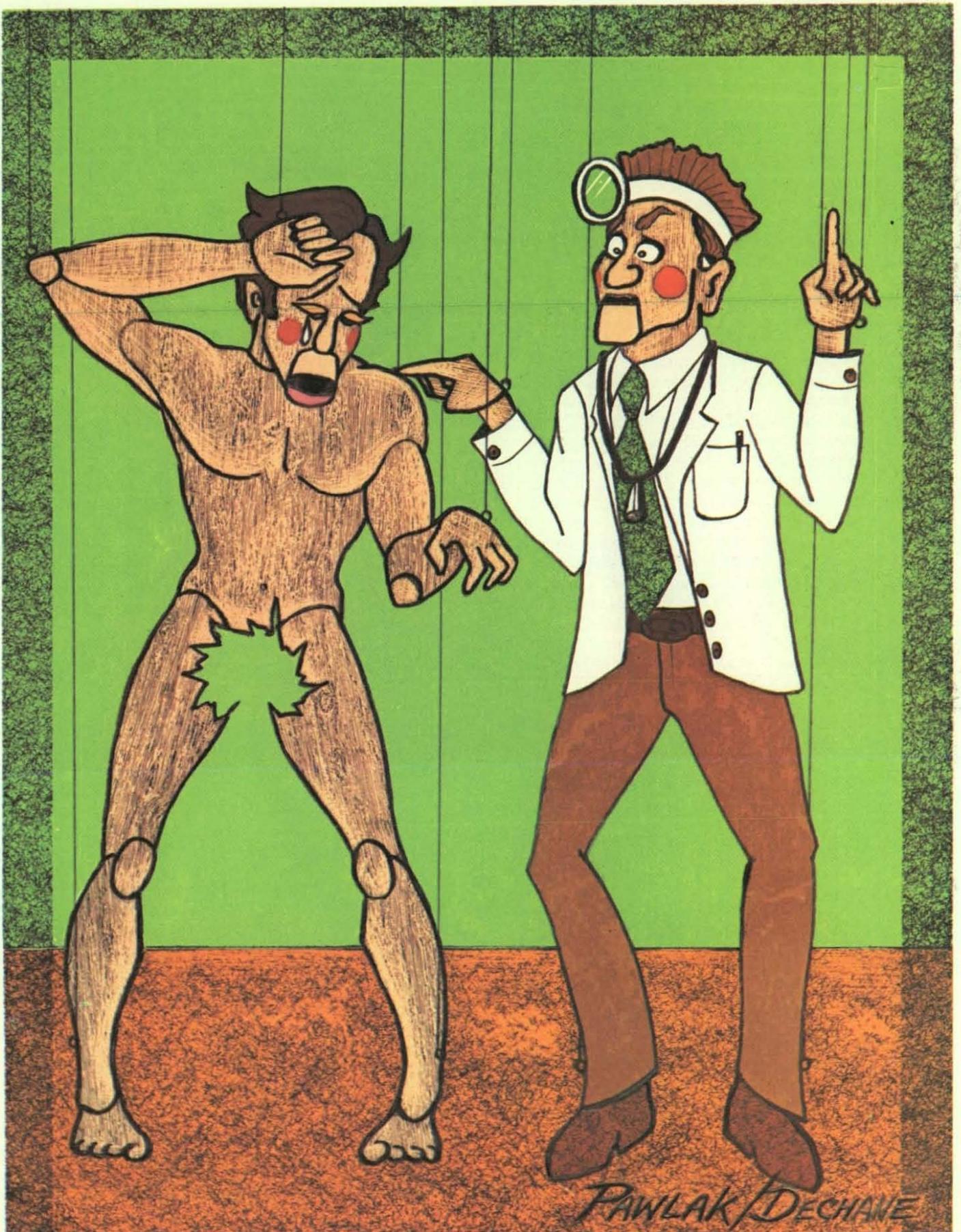
The story tells a lot about the qualities that made Mike Thevis a successful porn dealer—a far harder task than you may think. Among them were loyalty, determination, and a refusal to cavil before authority.

Thevis was nothing if not loyal to employees he believed were loyal to him, and he knew just whom to trust because he checked them out with lie detector tests. Generous by nature, he rewarded the loyal—those who neither stole nor informed—bountifully. Executives got gift Continentals; those lower down got handsome bonuses.

Determination might have been his middle name. "Mike decided very young that he was going to be very rich, and damn, he hasn't let anything stop him," a friend said. At one point, Thevis toured the country, working 18-hour days pushing his peep show machines. At other times, if the Feds are to be believed—and they don't necessarily have to be—his determination reached the point of ruthlessness. In fact, as this is being written, Thevis is facing trial on charges that he burned out a competitor.

As for not caving before authority, Thevis estimated he'd been arrested 88 times. "They"—the prosecutors—"would call and say the legislature has passed such and such a law and they wanted to make a test case out of it," Thevis told an interviewer. "I'd say, 'Fine, but why always me?' And they would say, 'Because we know you will fight it, Mike.' So there were numerous times I ended up as the local authorities' test tube, so to speak."

For the last year, Thevis has been in the can. After his appeals were exhausted, Mike Thevis got hit with a total of 8½ years on his three obscenity raps. Not even pleas for leniency by thirty prominent Atlanta citizens—churchmen among them (Thevis is slick)—helped him. His lawyers are working on other strategies to free Thevis. Meanwhile, the huge porn enterprise he



*"You must give me her name before she spreads termites to some other dummy!"*

built (he once outrageously claimed that he controlled 99 percent of all porn in the country) still flourishes.

Ostensibly, Thevis got out of the business two years ago. While the courts were debating his fate, he put on a major effort to clean up his act and his image. Supposedly, he sold his porn network for \$5.2 million and began pumping other millions into a recording company and legitimate films. In several interviews, Thevis announced, "I don't want to be known as a porno king and all those other things." So for a while he crashed around Hollywood, looking for movie properties, and he opened offices in London and New York. Then the record company became his new toy. He even boasted to friends that he had a natural gift—a "psychic ability," he called it—for handling a studio mixer. No one ever called Thevis modest.

While Thevis may have publicly abdicated the throne of Emperor of Erotica, there are questions about what interests he still holds in the far-flung network. The new owners are his former executives, and Thevis has long used front men for his deals. The Feds suspect he's involved; Thevis scoffs and insists his only interest now is the money still owed him from a July, 1974, sale—due to be paid off over five years. But this is all secondary. What remains interesting is how he built up the porn trade—and the man himself.

## **Thevis gave lavish parties for prominent Atlantans at his \$1 million mansion—known as the "house that porn built."**

"If life hands you a bunch of lemons, open a lemonade stand"—that was the operative philosophy Thevis once declared to a reporter. Life handed him a *Playboy* magazine years ago, and he did more than open a stand.

Thevis is a North Carolinian of Greek extraction, an odd enough mixture to have always made him feel somewhat separate and unique. His strict grandparents, who barely spoke English, brought him up in Raleigh after his parents divorced. He was once an altar boy.

At 17, he hit the road. After hanging out

around Florida for a while, he caught an orange truck to Atlanta. This was in 1950. He got his high school diploma from a Marist school. (Yes, he once considered becoming a priest.) He held a night job working at one of Atlanta's major newsstands for \$50 a week. Ambitious, he enrolled at Georgia Tech for a while after high school to study textile engineering, something he clearly wasn't cut out for. But he made an invaluable contact at Tech, an engineer with whom he would later develop a new, improved peep show box with which he eventually flooded the country. These are the machines in hard-core bookstores that suck you into feeding them quarters if you want to see an entire porno flick—the ones that shut off just as the woman opens her legs. Thevis didn't invent these, but he certainly upgraded the breed.

A failure at textiles, Thevis stuck to the newsstands. A lot of porn ultimately flowed from that decision. After leaving Georgia Tech, he convinced his boss to open another newsstand with him as manager. A couple of years later he bought his own stand. Ultimately, he owned three, so he was in the right spot when *Playboy* came out. The magazine began to sell rapidly. Thevis said to hell with *Time* and *Life* and loaded up. The greeting cards got pushed aside, as well.

For this act, Thevis reaped his first bust—he claims to have been one of the first *Playboy* arrests in the South—but he was undeterred. "At one time or another I've been busted by every cop in town," he said. "I know them all. They used to come down to my stand to read the *Playboys*."

By the early '60s, Thevis was well-established, but far from rich. His goal was a classic one—to grow up to be a millionaire. He even promised his wife he'd make it by the time he was 30. It wasn't happening, and Thevis was getting edgy. A lot of men leave their wives at that age; Thevis's restlessness went entirely into establishing his power and identity as a successful businessman, no matter what that business was.

At first, he decided to branch out into publishing "controversial" books. With fourteen other investors, he formed a publishing company and went scratching for the right texts. The first two were about theology; both were flops. The next was on Martin Luther King's Selma, Alabama, march. Another stinkeroo. At this point, Thevis remembered his newsstand lesson and put together a little gem called *The Nude View*. This was a listing of Georgia's nudist camps. The Thevis-designed cover was of a naked bellybutton. The book sold wildly,

(continued on page 90)



# LIFE-SIZE

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# KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning sexual encounters? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. (No fantasies, please; since HUSTLER depends on credibility, Kinky Korner stories must be factual.) We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

## SOCKING IT TO SIS!

by John Lasen, Jr.

I just read the January issue of HUSTLER, and I particularly enjoyed the Kinky Korner, which reminded me of the relationship my sister and I have shared.

I was fourteen at that time and had reached total physical maturity. Although I had no idea what it might be like to make love to a girl, I would fantasize and beat off to my fantasy. I would usually think about some girl I knew, or I would look at some pornographic magazine and beat my meat.

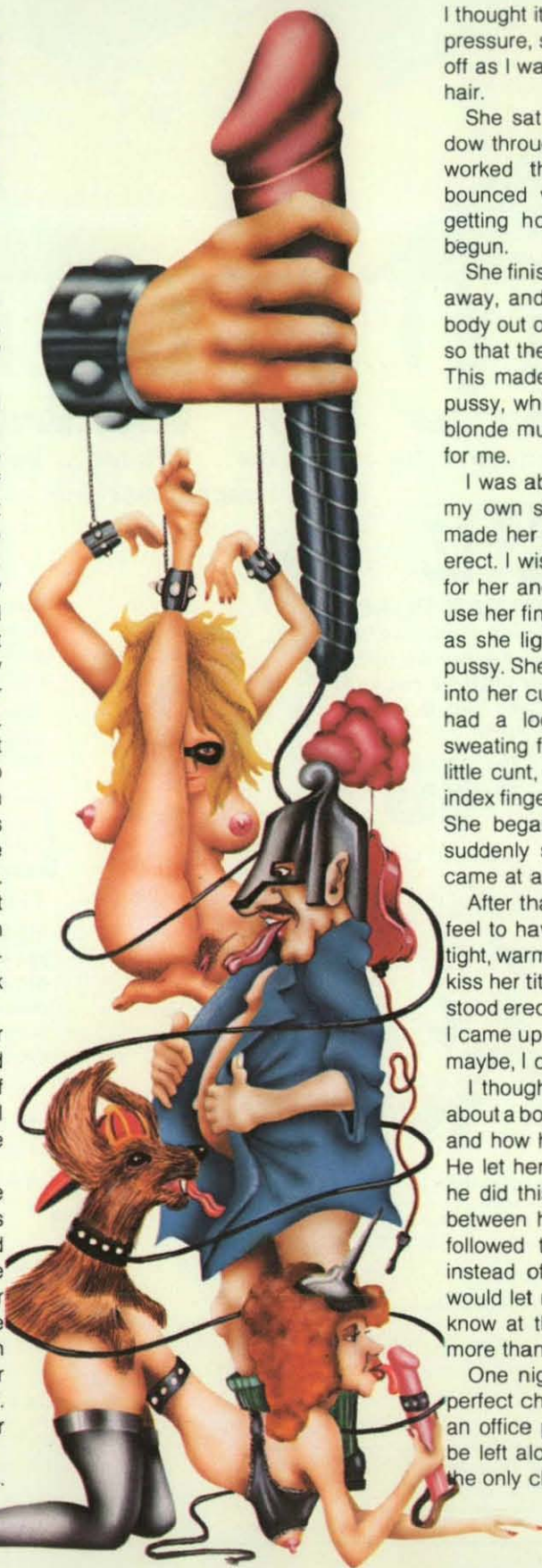
One night, I was feeling exceptionally horny and thought I just had to see a real live pussy, so I decided to try to get a look at my sister. I had noticed that she was very well built. She was a natural blonde and her face looked something like Ann-Margret's.

My sister's bedroom was in the basement of the house in which we lived. It had two small windows which weren't visible from the street because there were bushes which grew all around the base of the house, blocking the view of any passersby. This was one reason why my sister didn't have curtains hanging in her bedroom. With the bushes to hide in, the uncovered windows were perfect for my plan to get a peek at a real live cunt.

My sister's routine was to take a shower at 8:30 and then return to her room and dress for bed. My plan was to station myself in the bushes and get ready for the show. I had no idea that the show would be more than just a peek at her little cunt.

I stationed myself none too soon before my lovely sister entered the room. She was wearing a purple, floor-length bathrobe and had a towel wrapped around her head. She unwrapped the towel and began drying her hair with a hand dryer. Her long, blonde hair was beautiful. She must have gotten hot from the dryer blowing down on her because she soon took the bathrobe off. This revealed her large, full breasts and her blonde, well-trimmed muff of pubic hair.

I could feel my cock growing in my pants.



I thought it would burst if I didn't relieve the pressure, so I took it out and began to beat off as I watched my sister finish drying her hair.

She sat across the room from the window through which I was peering. As she worked the hand dryer, her huge tits bounced with every stroke. I was really getting hot, but the show had only just begun.

She finished drying her hair, put the dryer away, and stretched her beautiful, naked body out on her bed, which was positioned so that the foot of the bed was facing me. This made it easy to view her hot, moist pussy, which was lightly covered with her blonde muff, which set things off perfectly for me.

I was about to come while I watched as my own sister caressed her breasts and made her nipples stand on end, hard and erect. I wished I could kiss and suck them for her and me. Then I watched my sister use her fingers on her cunt. I licked my lips as she lightly touched the lips of her tiny pussy. She inserted her long, lovely fingers into her cunt as deeply as she could. She had a look of pure ecstasy upon her sweating face. While playing with her cute little cunt, she ever so slowly inserted her index finger into her puckered little asshole. She began thrashing around wildly, and suddenly she let out a little whimper and came at almost the same instant I did.

After that night, I wondered how it would feel to have my dick slide into my sister's tight, warm box. I wished I could caress and kiss her tits and pinch her nipples until they stood erect. As I sat and thought about this, I came up with a feverish plan. Maybe, just maybe, I could make my dream come true.

I thought of a story I had recently read about a boy who had seen his mother naked and how he was turned on by her beauty. He let her find him beating off, and when he did this it started a grand relationship between his mother and himself. My plan followed this one to a tee, except that instead of letting my mother catch me, I would let my elder sister catch me. I didn't know at the time that I was going to get more than I could ask for.

One night in early December I had the perfect chance. My parents were going to an office party, and my sister and I would be left alone in the house, since we were the only children in the family. This was the

# While my sister slowly stripped, she confessed that she had wanted sex with me for a long time.

best chance I would have to put my plans into effect.

As usual, my big sister would take her shower at 8:30, but to get to the bathroom she had to pass my bedroom door. This made my plan foolproof. At 8:25, I got undressed, opened my bedroom door, and stretched out on my bed, where I could be easily seen by anyone who passed by. Then I began to play with myself, thinking how fantastic it would be to make love to my own sister.

The trap was set. I didn't know then how well the plan would work, but I was about to find out.

While I was lying on the bed, playing with my husky 7-in. dick, I heard the basement door shut, and I knew she would walk past my door soon. For some odd reason, I wondered if she would suck my cock. I listened and heard her footsteps coming closer to my door. Then I started to put on my act. I began to moan and stroke my cock faster, and when I knew she could see me I put a look of ecstasy upon my face. I glanced up at the doorway to see my sister with a look of awe on her face as she stared at my cock.

Then I came, and as I did, she dropped the bathrobe and towel she had been carrying to the shower. She smiled as she sat on the bed beside me. I acted as though I was embarrassed, which wasn't hard since she was the only female who had seen me naked since I had matured. I covered my crotch with the sheet.

My sister looked at my crotch and asked if I had ever fucked any girls before. I told her I hadn't, and she said she wanted to know what I thought about when I jerked off. I told her that I thought about naked girls. I didn't tell her at the time that I had watched her play with herself. She asked if she could look at my dick, so I uncovered my now rock-hard cock and the soft bag that held my testicles. She wanted to touch them, and I eagerly agreed to let her. She asked if I would like to fuck her, and I told her I did.

With that, she sprang up and did a kind of striptease. While she slowly undid the buttons on her blouse, she confessed to having wanted sex with me long before I started thinking about her. As she tossed the blouse into the chair, I began rubbing my hot cock. She unzipped her jeans and let them drop to the floor.

She now stood before me in a black lace

bra and a pair of black see-through panties. She turned around and slid her panties off. As she bent over to do so, she exposed her cute little asshole and the bottom of her lovely tight pussy. I almost came then and there, but I wanted to save my orgasm for my sister. I watched her as she undid her bra and turned around to let me see her huge tits fall to freedom. She took both breasts into her hands and squeezed them.

Kneeling next to my bed, she offered them to me as if they were grapefruits for breakfast. I took one into my mouth and sucked as if I hadn't eaten in a year. I sucked and licked hungrily as she guided my right hand down to her blonde triangle. There I found a magical warmth that made me feel as if I had never felt anything before.

She reached between my legs with her long, beautiful fingers, touched my hard rod and began to stroke it. Then she replaced her hand with her mouth. This gave me the sensation of my life as I felt her tongue encircle the head on my prick. I felt her hands playing with my balls, and then she repositioned herself so that her hot, fleshy pussy was directly over my face. I looked at her honeypot, surrounded by a blonde muff of hair and milky-white flesh.

Then I slowly began to lap at her cunt juices as though I were a cat lapping cream from a saucer. She ground her pussy into my face as I gasped for air and then dove in for more. I sucked her clit and nibbled her hot, pink cunt lips. I could feel myself coming, and then I felt her insert a

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The flower that you hold in your hands  
was born today and already it is as old as  
you are.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

finger deep into my asshole.


When I came, it felt better than I had ever thought possible. I could hear her gag, but she didn't let one drop of cum escape her well-trained lips. She suddenly shuddered and guided my hand to her asshole. I sank my finger into her butt. She went wild and almost smothered me as she ground her cunt down harder on my face and came with a tiny scream.

We lay next to each other momentarily, and then I mounted her as she guided me into her. I thrust my whole weight upon her, and she moaned as I penetrated deeply into her pussy. I felt her tight cunt expand around my surging cock. I slowly began to pump in and out. As I did, I could feel her kissing my chest and running her fingernails up and down my back. She dug deeper into my back with her nails each time I buried my dick deeply inside her.

I was doing it! I was fucking my own sister and loving every minute of it. I could feel her playing with my balls, and I heard her tell me to pump faster and faster. We were about to explode when she again inserted a finger into my rectum. I came at the same instant she did. She was meeting every thrust of mine with one of her own. I had never dreamed that fucking could be so great. I couldn't believe it was happening and thought I was just having another wet dream, but when I opened my eyes I saw my sister's face writhing in ecstasy. I knew this was too good to be a dream.

When we finished, we lay quietly on my bed. While still in each other's arms, we looked deep into one another's eyes and knew that we felt the way real lovers feel, but we both realized that we could never be married. We talked and made an agreement that we would make love whenever we had a chance and would try anything new that we both wanted to try. With that, we made love a second time. We took our time and helped one another, making each other feel great.

After that night, we continued to have sex together at least three times a week, and it wasn't until my sister went away to college a year later that we didn't spend every night at home.

I feel better to have gotten this off my chest, for I have never told this story before to anyone except a friend of mine at school. I hope you enjoyed reading about it just the way it happened to me 

# MIKE THEVIS

(continued from page 86)

and Thevis was on his way to becoming a pornographer.

First, though, he got carried away with a personal pique—the Vietnam war—and wrote his slashing anti-war tract, *Vietnam: Battleground of Indecision*. In it, Thevis showed real talent as a polemicist. Had the book sold more than ten copies, he might have ended up leading anti-war marches or as publisher of *Ramparts*. The anti-war movement's loss was sex's gain. Thevis abandoned forever any political pretensions and went straight for his first million. He bought out his publishing partners, who were opposed to "adult" books, and then put together something called *A Teacher Confesses to Sex in the Classroom*, which was taken from police blotter cases in the faraway Bronx. The book sold more than a million copies. "Every teacher in the country hated it," a local lawman recalled, "and I'm sure he felt bad all the way to the bank. That book really got him going. He made a mint."

Not long after this, Thevis again displayed a bent for original thinking. *Lady Chatterly's Lover* and *Fanny Hill* were his inspiration. Thevis decided to publish his own ribald classics and went off to Europe to round them up. His Pendulum Publications got up to \$1.95 a copy for them—a steep price then. When he ran out of unpublished titles, Thevis simply hired writers to create new "classics." He rented some cheap office space and set his writers to grinding them out—thereby creating the first porn book "factory," a breakthrough that was to be widely emulated in the porn industry.

Around the same time—the mid-to-late '60s—Thevis started opening his own adult bookstores. "I got into that business, quite frankly, because I'm an opportunist, I suppose," he said. Because most of the stores were in the South, he got busted routinely. Lawyers' fees became a regular part of doing business, and Thevis beat every rap at first. "Mike was very cool, tremendously cool, about this," an acquaintance said. "He felt he wasn't doing anything wrong—that he was simply supplying what people wanted. What amazed me is that he

didn't become intimidated. He just kept working away. That's his salvation—to be busy and be at the center of things. I think that may be more important to him than the money."

If so, Thevis was about to become very happy indeed. In 1957, the Supreme Court ruled that a sexually explicit work had to be utterly without redeeming social value to be considered obscene and illegal. The ruling, in effect, nearly legalized pornography, but its chief impact was on the visual media, not on the printed word. Thevis was quick to exploit this with his peep show machines.

As he once told the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*, "I had seen some primitive peep show boxes in New York and decided I could improve on them." With his friend from Georgia Tech, "we soon developed a smaller, service-free peep show box with a capacity for more footage. The deal I would make with bookstore operators was this: I'd go in and introduce myself and say, 'Look, you've got some storage room back there. Suppose I show you how to use it to make a lot of money? I'll put in eight of my peep machines, and you'll make at least \$1,000 a week off them, and we'll split 50-50.' It was a gold mine. I started traveling all over the country, selling the boxes."

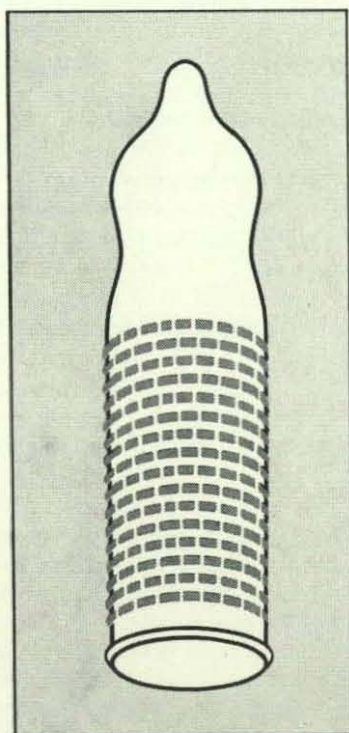
In fact, Thevis started traveling as if he were in heat. By all estimates, he was already a millionaire, yet he pushed himself as if the wealth of Midas was within reach. And maybe it was. Thevis himself always insisted that pornography wasn't "all that profitable," and that it had meant much hard work and long hours for less of a return than people believed. On the other hand, his own spending later for legitimate businesses indicated he probably earned at least \$15 million. *Reader's Digest* said he made \$100 million, but the magazine, which is clearly biased against the "smut sultan," isn't known to be privy to the contents of Thevis's secret bank accounts, assuming he has them.

Along with making him immensely wealthy, the peep shows brought Thevis into closer contact with men usually identified as members of organized crime. Thevis has been so tarred by press accounts linking him to the mob that he and his lawyers are convinced the stories heavily influenced his convictions. As just one example, the Atlanta police prepared—and carefully leaked—a 45-page report entitled "Organized Crime: Control of Pornography," in which it suggested that Thevis was merely a vassal for crime families. As the CIA gets fat by finding communists, so do the cops by finding mobsters.

The problem with the Thevis-as-mobster

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line is that it overlooks the real world. For one thing, Thevis is clearly a self-made man—your basic existential pornographer. For another, it is impossible to be in the porn business without knowing, doing business with, and probably befriending—especially if you're as garrulous and outgoing as Thevis—someone connected with organized crime, simply because they supply or distribute many goods. The *Digest* "linked" Thevis to the Joe Colombo family of Brooklyn, for example. The link was that he bought porn flicks for his peep shows from an associate of Colombo's whose business was making such films. Similarly, Thevis did business with Robert DiBernardo of Star Distributors, Ltd., allegedly an associate of two crime families. The two men became friends. This led immediately to reports that Thevis was under DiBernardo's control. Maybe he was, but it's a safe bet that Thevis had more money in the bank.

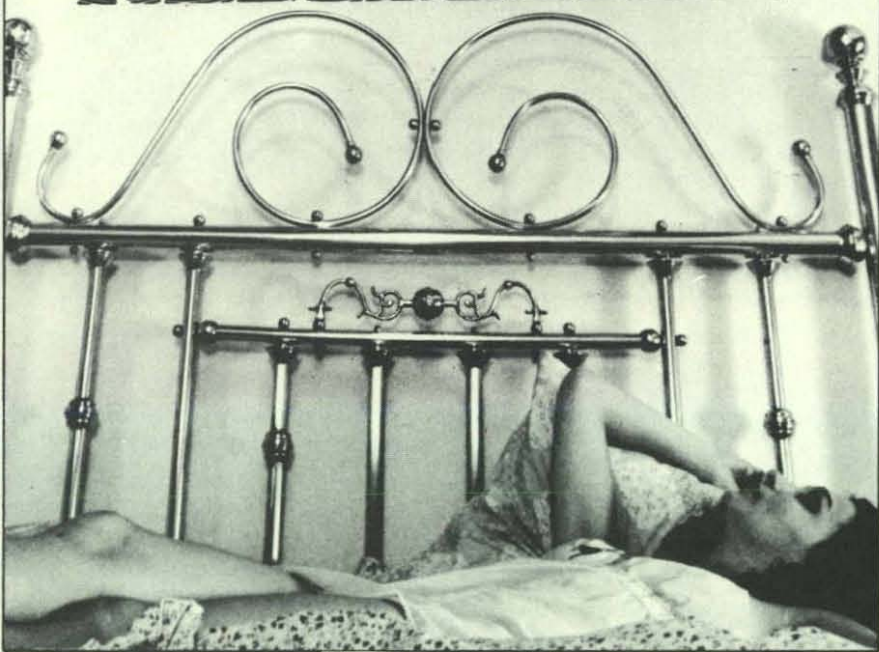
On the other hand, Thevis had been ruthless enough to exploit his reputation as a mob man. By his own admission, when he was out hustling his peep boxes he got heavy-handed. As he told an Atlanta newspaper reporter who wrote about his traveling, "Sometimes when I'd roll into town, that reputation had preceded me. I'd go into some adult store where the guy didn't know me and make my offer. Maybe he'd say, 'Hell, no, I don't want your boxes. I've got my own source.' If he said that, I'd say, 'Look, you obviously don't understand. My truck is gonna' roll in here in two days and unload eight machines and you're gonna' use them.' He'd look at me and say, 'Who the hell do you think you are?' And I'd say, 'I'm Mike Thevis from Atlanta.' And he'd say, 'Yes, sir, Mr. Thevis. You send those machines right over.' I never said I was with the Mafia. It was the press that did it, not me."

Unfortunately for Thevis, his reputation as a tough guy had been enhanced by the fact that a number of his associates have dropped dead in embarrassing ways—like from bullet wounds. In 1970, a former partner was found shot four times and stuffed in the trunk of his car. (The leading suspects are New York mobsters.) In 1973, a former Thevis bodyguard who had opened his own peep shop got blown away by a bomb blast. In 1974, the manager of Thevis's record company was killed by two bullets in the head. No arrests have been made in any of these cases, and no one has accused Thevis. Yet the deaths have cast a bleak shadow over his operations. At the very least, they indicate he hung around with rough customers in a rough trade.

Thevis himself is under indictment for allegedly conspiring to burn down the ware-



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house of a peep-show competitor. The key witness against him is a former employee of Thevis's right-hand man. The witness, Clifford Jennings Wilson, is serving time now, which makes his willingness to cooperate with the government suspect since, presumably, his testimony is in return for lenient treatment. Yet Wilson has also outlined to the government a scheme by which Thevis's henchmen, with his alleged knowledge and approval, routinely broke into the stores supplied by Thevis and stole back the goods for resale elsewhere. Moreover, Wilson exposed Thevis to a possible income tax rap by describing a system in which coins from the peep machines were converted into bills and mailed out of state.

Thevis has hotly denied the charges. "I don't steal from my customers, and I don't cheat on my income taxes. The IRS has monitored me for years and knows it," he has been quoted as saying. Nonetheless, the government is reportedly in the process of rounding up evidence that would support Wilson's accusations.

If Thevis is found to be a violent heavy or a crook, not just a brilliant businessman who got rich peddling porn instead of insurance or automobiles, it will smash one of the more interesting efforts at purchasing respectability since John D. Rockefeller, Jr. set up the family charitable foundation to divert attention from the Ludlow Massacre (eleven children, two women, and several

workers were killed during strike-breaking activity at a Rockefeller plant). Thevis has worked hard in the last few years, trying to reclaim his good name.

"When he says he doesn't want to be known as the porno kingpin anymore, Mike really means it," a friend says. "All that bullshit about being a criminal and being Mafia has hurt him more than he admits. He thinks of himself as a great businessman. That's his ego trip. That's what the record company was all about—proving it all over again in new terrain. That's what the house was all about, too. It wasn't just their dream castle."

The "house" was Thevis's first step upward into what he hoped would be social acceptability. It sits on a thirty-acre plot in northwest Atlanta. Thevis built it four years ago for his family—a wife and five kids—at a cost of \$1 million. It has swimming pools, horses, tennis courts, and an incredibly manicured lawn. Designed like a small English Tudor mansion—only fifteen rooms, plus three for the servants—Thevis intended it to look rich, tasteful, and impressive in every detail in every room. Until he went to jail, Thevis gave lavish parties there for prominent Atlantans. Around town it's known as the house that porn built.

The record company, General Recording Corporation, was indeed conceived by Thevis not only to absorb his energies, but

to allow him to prove himself in another business that calls for sure judgments, quick thinking, and promotional flair. It was one of an estimated twenty-five legitimate enterprises—ranging from trucking and electronics to greeting cards and real estate—that Thevis bought into with his porn profits. "I don't know a damn thing about promoting records," Thevis told an interviewer before going off to jail, "but to me, whether you're promoting adult books, or socks, or yo-yos, it's all the same. You got a piece of a product to sell. If you've got something to offer that no one else has, and a lot of people want it, you can find a way to get it to market."


Thevis signed twenty-two artists for the record company and started designing his own ads. His dream was to turn Atlanta into an entertainment center—and transform his image in the process. GRC went out of business six months after Thevis was jailed.

While trawling for respectability, Thevis scattered a number of donations around. Cultural institutions like the opera got some of his money. Billy Graham got a large sum. Thevis said that he didn't believe in what Graham stood for—and doubted Graham did, either—but he liked him enough personally to give him money.

Thevis got some favorable attention for this—there was some talk that he had been converted—but critical articles continued to appear in the press, the governor still shunned him, and sentencing judges persisted in treating him as a major criminal.

At one point, Thevis offered to donate his estate to the city. Another time he promised to repair a landmark theater that had fallen into disrepair. In return, he asked only that the city acknowledge publicly that the gifts came from a pornographer, as if that would suggest a certain tolerance for, if not acceptance of, his former trade. The city saw the offers as public relations stunts and refused to go for the bait.

Perhaps the most telling Atlanta rejection occurred one day in August, 1973. A car slammed into Thevis as he was sitting on his motorcycle atop a 60-ft. embankment. Rider and bike went tumbling down onto jagged concrete and into trees. Thevis's leg was broken and his hip was smashed, conditions that left him partially crippled for life. When the police arrived, he was in shock. The cops asked for his driver's license. Thevis felt for his wallet. He had lost it somewhere in the spill. The cops wrote him a ticket for driving without a license. Then they wrote him another one for driving off the roadway.

If his lawyers can get him over his next legal hurdles and out of jail, Thevis can at least console himself with his money. 



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There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

Dr. Robert Chartham Ph.D. is the author of a dozen books on sexuality with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

## THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement—the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature.

Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next used these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then tested his method with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1 1/4" in length and 3/4" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s between 3/4" to 1" in length and between 1/2" and 3/4" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1 1/2" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added 3/4" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on 3/4" in length and just over 1 1/4" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6 1/2" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of 3/4" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4 3/4" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5 1/2". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

## SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

**Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?**

**A.** It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

**Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?**

**A.** The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of

clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

**Q. How does the Chartham Method work?**

**A.** Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

**Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?**

**A.** Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

**Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?**

**A.** The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

**If no results are achieved after carrying out the Chartham Method as directed a full refund will be made on its return to us.**



MODERN AGE PRODUCTS, INC. • P.O. BOX 35 • PLAINVIEW, N.Y. 11803

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# Amazing Grace





(W)ould you believe  
that this mere wisp of  
a girl—5-ft. tall,  
97-lbs. light—casts  
her most longing  
glances at men who

are big enough to be  
in the Pittsburgh  
Steelers' front four?  
Like many very petite,  
very feminine women,  
Grace prefers a man  
who is "so husky that

I can't get my legs  
around his back and  
just have to clamp  
them onto his sides  
and ride him  
like a bareback  
stallion.







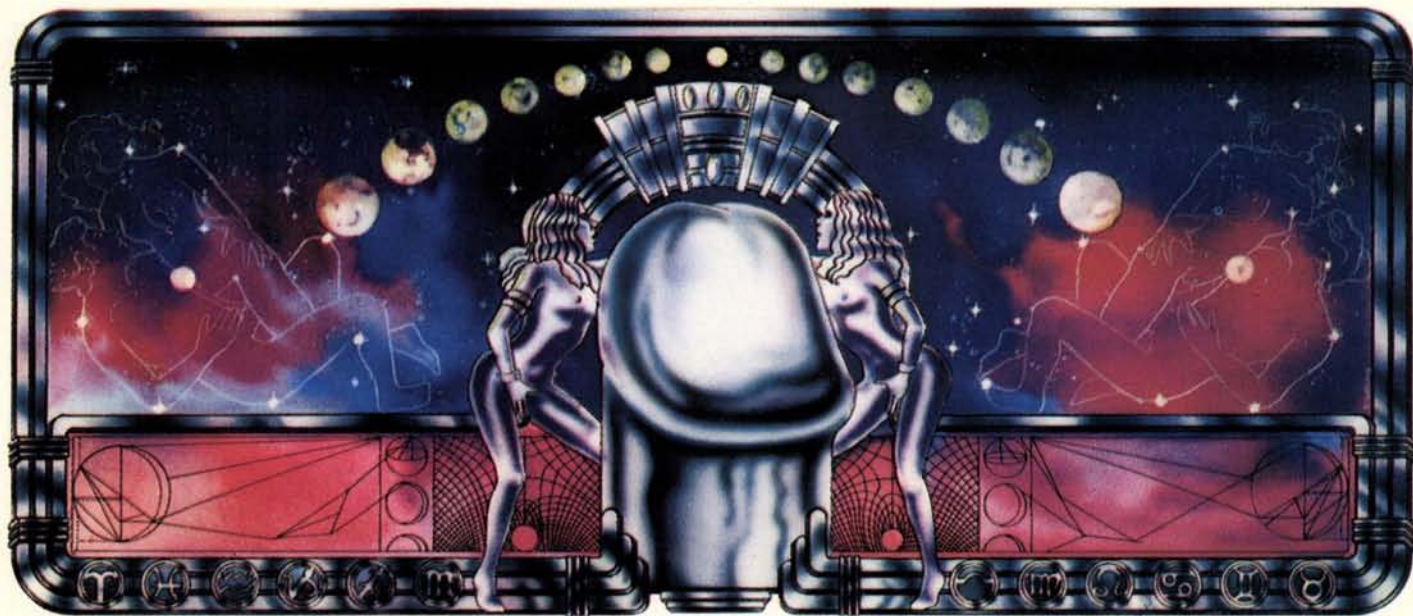
When a brute like that has me on my back, pounding away like a pile driver, I feel like I am being split apart and filled with pure pleasure.

Sometimes I fantasize about taking on three or four hefty hard-hats at once with all of their lead-pipe cocks pistoning in and out of my every

orifice. I don't know if this will ever happen, but if it does, those bruisers will find out that good 'things' come in small boxes."



# HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY



by Fickling

## TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Hear ye! Hear ye!

It may look like a cattle boat pulling in, and sure enough it is loaded with broad-shouldered Bull studs, but underneath that facade is a golden gondola filled with love, patience, compassion, humility, honesty, integrity, fortitude—and balls!

You Taureans are about to reach a euphoric apex of sexuality this month—and the miss not to miss is Virgo. If you Bulls want a real ball now, use that tender caressing with the fingers you are so famous for on a sweet, pulsating Virgin. You will open her heart and just about everything else, including her pussy. You Venus fellows have always had a way with your hands, eyes, and smiles that makes a girl melt, but the Virgo is going to drool, drip, and spurt when you touch her. Your amazing strength will awe her, and your gentle manner should totally captivate this sometimes-hard-to-get-into female.

Springtime is always a vital period for you Taureans because building an empire, no matter how large, should be started now while the land awakens and begins to bloom. Push forward, since you can carry massive problems, hurts, and miseries on your shoulders for years without letting them be known to anyone else.

Your snorts of anger should be tempered this month with a few bursts and trumpets of glee over both your love life and money matters. You hate wastefulness and extravagance, and Virgin companionship should prove to be tidy and titillating. The Virgo dolls love to scrub and rub everything in sight. So, you Bulls, drop your drawers and let them wash down your testicles and polish the old ramrod to a fare-thee-well!

Money should be good now, and your charts reveal an upward swing, like that swelling in your pants, in the months to *cum*.

One thing to avoid at the moment is T-R-O-U-B-L-E! It could be lurking aft of your ass, and if you're not careful, that poised position you're trying to maintain may go as limp as a tired dick. Keep on the lookout for: (1) people you don't trust asking for money, (2) women who might screw up your life and/or marriage by talking out of turn, and (3) deals and dolls that you don't investigate thoroughly.

Be bullish, not foolish!

## GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Things are looking up both in bed and at the bank. After a period of dry sources and resources, you multifaceted Geminis are beginning to roll again, and your charts show plenty of balls and dolls, especially in late May. Your best bet at the moment is a large Leo pussycat. You can sell her one of your better bill of goods and have her in the hay before she knows what the hell that big thing is you're shoving between her legs. Play all of the games necessary to get what you want this month, but don't bullshit the wrong dame or deal.

## CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Fuck out of luck! Cancerian charts continue to show low ebbs in investments and involvements. Stick a prick in the wrong hole and you may come up dripping and scratching seven days later. Sink a bundle on a sure thing and you may wind up sunk. The best way to avoid trouble is to keep your pants and wallet zipped tight right now and even give your wife (or girl friend) a nightly "short-arm inspection" (looking up the old kazoo for bugs and slugs)! If you must get involved, pick on a "pure Pisces" and a 6 to 5 gamble.

## LEO (July 22 — August 21)

You playful Leos are coming into a very wide-open month with plenty of snatch to snatch and dough to gather up in your meaty paws. The caution sign is up, though, for you married Lions because you do tend to let it all hang out, and your missus just might step on it if you come dragging it home—especially late at night. The next roar you hear might well be your own as she boots you out of the house. Spend more time with the bucks instead of the clucks and you may well find May to be one of your best months of 1976.

## VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

Turn down the orgy this month because you Virgin fellows are definitely off your feed—and what girl likes a raw tongue? Your charts indicate the big Virgo-Nova ecstasy of late 1975-early 1976 is definitely over, flattening out like a "wacked wicket" (a stepped-on dong!). Try as you may, the same broads and money are just not falling into place, and you may be angry and a bit surprised, spoiled by all of that fun and frolic that greased your loins and pockets a few months back. Be patient. An upswing is coming!

## LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

You Librans are giving too much advice again and aren't listening to those hot, undulating words being offered between sweaty thighs. Your charts show that you had better get off the dime and climb onto a dame, especially a cunty Capricorn. Cappys become horny as hell in the latter part of May, and since you Libra guys are always ready to blow your own horns, now is the time to fill a few assholes and pussies instead of ears. You are scraping for dough this month, so try to save a little for the summer. Don't blow the hole wad!

## SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

Time for a little expansion, businesswise and cock-high. You Scorpions have been working your asses off to make ends *meat*. Now comes filler time! Add on to what you have been building, increase your scope, and surround yourself with better broads. This is vitally important. Your image can grow immensely if you continue

to upgrade your business and female programs. Kick out the clucks and scoop in the bucks. You have never felt more vital, nor has the future held more promise, but don't give your plans away. Your enemies can't wait for your empire to topple.

## SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

Big things are brewing for Sagittarian signs, and the first and best is a sweet treat out of Cancer this month. You could fuck a juicy Cancerian doll in plain view in the city park and get away with it, and why not! You lucky, plucky Sag guys ought to go up to the first Crab gal you meet and say, "Let's ball!" Five will get you ten she'll leap into your arms, grab your cock, and climax on the spot. Money is just about as "hot," so lap up all you can get your hands on and make a few outside deals. Your hunches are pulsating!

## CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

Cappy females are apparently in heat later this month, so why not join in the festivities and "lend a horn to a Corn!" They couldn't find a more industrious lover, and you Cappy guys seem to be ready right now—and not as ashamed as usual. Monetary matters are as tight as a frozen asshole, so you might as well work on some hot pussy and wait for the bucks to break loose come summer. Caution: Take care not to go along with any strange deals or dames. They could mean not only poison, but prison.

## AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

The Jolly Green Giant has arrived! You playful Aquarians are at it again. If you have often dreamed of being as big as the Giant, now is the time to exercise that gigantic hope and ram, cram, and ham it up to your heart's delight. Your charts reveal a great match with sucky Sagittarian gurlies at the moment, so why not pop the question and your cork and live it up in wild Aquarian style? Money has been a bitch of a problem and may be tougher in the months to come if you can't make a few important adjustments and kick a few asses in the process. Don't hang *either* head now.

## PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

Spring always brings out the best in you Pisces, especially in the cock department. Cold cocks are like cold fish—hard, but not much bounce to the ounce. Your charts reveal a lot of activity on the sexual side and plenty of drive in the old shaft. Put it to use with an anxious Aries. You two may lie together and lay together, but who the hell cares if you just get it off together! Don't keep putting off dames or deals, or they'll pass you by and swim upstream. Seriously, keep on the alert this month for something spectacular, and when it comes—come!

## ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

When your seven-day birthday celebration is over, it's time to settle down to a few serious aspects of life. The love of your life this month could be Taurus. She is usually not your *meat*, but for some strange reason the Bull gal is hot for your hide this month. She might corral you and saddle up on Old Paint before you can say "jack off." Keep your eyes open for a Pisces, too, and you might have an explosive threesome that will jerk your joint into kingdom cum. As far as business is concerned, watch for a new venture, or one that is going to really open up—like hot pussy!

# BROWN MILLER

(continued from page 34)

that will be diddled between solitary sheets over Susan's voluminous epic. So, I can certainly endorse the book on that score.

I hope that free plug may also serve to get me off the hook with Susan in the event she takes umbrage to any remarks herein. I'd hate to have her ticked off at me these days, because in the closing section of her book she tells how she's been taking karate lessons. A couple of quotes from that section will show you why I'd hate to meet her in a dark alley if she was cross with me. Susan writes, "We could hurt them (men), we learned to our astonishment, and hurt them hard at the core of their sexual being.... Is it possible that there is some sort of metaphysical justice in the anatomical fact that the male sex organ, which has been misused from time immemorial as a weapon of terror against women, should have at its root an awkward place of painful vulnerability?... When women are threatened, as I learned in my self-defense class, 'Kick him in the balls; it's your best maneuver.'" And again, "I gained... a new and totally surprising awareness of my body's potential to inflict real damage. I

learned I had natural weapons that I didn't know I possessed, like elbows and knees. I learned how to kick backward as well as forward. I learned how to fight dirty, and I learned that I loved it."


You can see why I'm being very careful these days to keep my Blue Cross paid up.

Not, I repeat, that there is any reason for Susan to be miffed by this article. But just as I hope she won't kick the shit out of me, I also hope she won't haul me into court. She'd be wasting her time if she did, because I would surely win the case. If she tried to say my story about our Fire Island sex play is a libelous crock, all I'd have to do is get my attorney to demand that the judge direct Susan to take out her tits and show them to the jury. Then, with one lick of her left nipple by the bailiff and one tweak of her right nip by my lawyer, I would be automatically vindicated. I'd win the case because Susan's chewy breast-buttons would erect to the precise TV-antenna heights I have described. This would prove beyond any reasonable doubt that Susan and I have, indeed, been naked together.

But let's forget about lawsuits. I don't want to wrangle with Susan; I want to be her pal. Toward that end, I'm not even going to mention what some would call the hypocrisy of all those years she let Kevin Cooney support her before she hit paydirt

with her best-seller. (Kevin is, of course, O-U-T now.) There he was, dutifully working his bread-and-butter job as a newspaperman so Susan wouldn't have to get a job. Even though she wasn't making a living at it, Susan was thus afforded the leisure to pursue her fem-lib free-lancing. The bulk of that writing denounced outmoded male-female roles like man-as-breadwinner and woman-as-economic-adjunct. Never mind that she was living that identical role even as she clobbered it in her essays. Never mind that Kevin might have liked to have some chick support *him* so he could write what he pleased, whether it sold or not. The Brownmiller genius had to be nurtured. This was duly accomplished by a process called *having her cake and eating it, too*. But, as I said, I'm not even going to refer to these matters because I don't want to ruffle a Best-selling Authoress's feathers.

To Susan I say, "More power to you, honey. Blessings. Enjoy. With *Against Our Will*, you've cut loose a really-truly biggie. Yes, I do mean a big, fat, fraudulent fart—but if the public is dumb enough to buy it, that's not your lookout. Take the money and run, kid. Kick 'em in the balls!"

But seriously, I do want to be Susan's friend. To prove it, if she gives me another shot on the sofa I'm going to do us both a favor. I'm going to rape her. 

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# Are you ready for a sexual vacation?

The world's first X-rated travel guide—for the man who's looking for something different.

by Jack Raines

Let me tell you about a Polynesian paradise that *really* exists.

It's in Hawaii, on the island of Maui, at the end of a narrow road that runs along the isolated southeast coast. It's called McKenna Beach. And it's a place you will never, ever, forget.

You drive over a small hill—and there it is: a mile-long beach that's one of the most beautiful in the Pacific. And hundreds of people, most of them young, all of them nude. Sunning themselves... swimming... playing... and making the most perfect love they've ever known. Openly and joyfully. Couples, and in groups.

Believe me—it's like nothing you've ever experienced. Inhibitions drop away, quickly and easily. Total strangers meet, and become lovers.

But the really amazing thing is this: Everyone who comes to this legendary beach hears about it from a friend. Nothing has ever been written about this greatest of all adult playgrounds—neither in the press, in travel magazines, nor in advertising.

Why?

Because the travel industry pretends that sex doesn't exist. Culture, sports, food, shopping—you name it, they write about it. But not sex.

Which brings me to the point of this advertisement. I'm a freelance writer, and I do a lot of travelling. I'm 32, single, and nothing special to look at. But I *do* love to make love.

I travel over 60,000 miles a year doing research for articles. And over the last 10 years of travelling, I've kept a notebook about things to do, places to return to—things you *don't* read about in any travel guides.

Little-known spots like McKenna Beach. Far-out places throughout North America, in the Caribbean, on the West Coast, in Canada, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, San Juan, Mexico—everywhere! My notebook grew and grew.

Then, one day six months ago, I was showing my notebook to a friend. We began swapping stories about favorite places when, suddenly, we were both hit by the same idea.

Why not produce a travel guide for the sexually adventurous? We figured the guide should include all the places never advertised—where we, and people we know, have found our



"Who could ask for more?"

sexual fantasies turned into reality. It should be accurate, up-to-date on prices, locations, names and addresses, even phone numbers where available. *Plus*—our personal observations about what to expect.

And that is how the world's first X-rated travel guide came about. It's called **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH.**

Look at what you'll find:

- 'Fertility Week' (!) at a Caribbean hotel. All rooms open, 24-hour parties. Reservations 6 months in advance. From \$22.50 a night.
- Rocky Mountain 'Ski and See' resort. Heated pools, saunas, nudity, orgies—from \$155 a week for room, board, and 'extras'.
- 'Encounter' weekends, with emphasis on the art of lovemaking.
- East-Coast disco, where they do the 'stripdown'—in which you undress your new-found partner. Lovemaking in tapestried room at

the back. \$5 cover.

- Old plantation mansion near New Orleans, with a 'goldfish' bowl—a huge one-way mirrored bubble in which every variety of woman (white, black, Chinese, Mexican) waits to satisfy your every desire.

And this only scratches the surface! Because thousands of great places are mentioned—all of them in graphic detail. (Including a dude ranch that's so kinky, it's positively perverted!) Quite honestly, **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH** is unique, mainly because this has been a genuine labor of love. I've even decided to publish it myself, so that I can print the kind of candid photos that belong in this kind of book.

And the price? Only \$10.

But there's *more*. Because new places are always opening, new real-life fantasies being created—I've begun publishing a limited-circulation magazine called **TRAVEL TIMES**. It appears every three months.

**TRAVEL TIMES** is an up-date of the book, packed with features and stories, and all the latest developments on the sexual front. It's lavishly illustrated, and it will turn you on as much as **SEXUAL VACATIONS**.

If you'd like to subscribe, and give yourself a year-round experience, send an additional \$5 with your book order. (It's not available separately.) And I'll rush you a magazine that's like nothing you've ever seen.

But do it now. Your sexual vacation could be just a short drive from where you live. See you around!

J/R Publishing Company  
800 Second Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10017

H-1

Mailed in unmarked package

Ok, Jack, it sounds good—so please rush me **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH**. I also understand that I must be delighted with what I receive, or you will refund every penny of what I paid. So it had better be good!

☐ I enclose \$10 for **SEXUAL VACATIONS: WHERE, HOW, AND HOW MUCH**.

☐ I enclose \$15 for **SEXUAL VACATIONS** plus a 1 year subscription to **TRAVEL TIMES**.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 8)

friend makes it a point to empty her bowels beforehand, there will be no shit to revolt you. Also, there is absolutely no reason to fear that ass-fucking is more likely to cause infection than traditional cunt-cock intercourse. In fact, the chance of infection is much less with anal intercourse. As for your fecal hang-up, the best thing we can recommend is that you work on understanding and overcoming the problem through self-analysis, or you might consider visiting a therapist. You are missing one of the most satisfying, gratifying, and pleasurable experiences you can have—the enjoyment of taking a good shit.

I have a problem. It is about my penis. I have not consulted a doctor about it, but I don't think it is serious. The problem is that my penis is bent to the right at an angle of ten degrees. Is it normal to have a bent penis, or should I consult a doctor? Another problem is that I have hair on my penis to the tip on the outside (foreskin). Is it abnormal to have hair on the penis?

Name Withheld on Request

You don't have to see a doctor. The ranges of "normality" are wide—many men have the bends. In fact, a perfectly straight cock is probably more unusual than a slightly bent one. Your other problem is no real problem either. Consider yourself lucky—a nice coating of fur on your dick can only be an extra, added attraction.

My girl friend is one of the most beautiful women you could ever hope to meet. She is 19 years of age, a strawberry blonde with big, firm breasts, a tiny waist, and great legs. However, although she is entirely game for any sexual adventure, she is very sensitive about talking frankly about sex, and she has the most annoying habit of using cute, childish words (like "Virginia") to describe herself. Ironically, she talks in her sleep and often lets loose a blue streak of profanities that would make Larry Flynt blush. I find this kind of loose talk really provocative, and would be tremendously turned on if she would talk this way while we are in the sack (and awake). How can I teach her about the pleasures of dirty talk?

Name Withheld on Request

The speech habits of a lifetime are hard to change, especially when they reflect one's sexual upbringing. It would be a good deed for you to liberate your girl friend. We suggest that, with her permission, of course, you make a tape recording of the fine Anglo-Saxon verbiage that passes her lips in the night. The revelation of her newly discovered capability should make her feel freer about practicing it with you during your lovemaking. Also, be sure to catch this month's Sex Play to learn more about how to turn your woman on by talking dirty.

My girl friend and I get along very well. We've been going steady for six months and have never had an argument. Last night, we were making out in my car, and all of a sudden she came up with

something really stupid—she said that I don't French well. I've gone out with a lot of girls, and a lot of older women, too, and no one ever said that I'm not a good kisser. My girl and I are going to read your answer together, so please get one of your French beauties to explain how to French kiss in simple words, to make it easier for my girl to understand how wrong she is.

P.S. I almost forgot to tell you how much I enjoy reading your magazine. All my friends and I think that you guys publish the best magazine on the market. Keep up the great work.

Name Withheld on Request

There is no such thing as "how to French kiss." Everyone does it differently. Some people enjoy light, darting tongue-play, some like searching, penetrating tonguing, and some prefer really deep French kissing. Some like short kisses, some long ones. Some prefer wet kisses, some dry ones.

Our advice is to mix it up; don't kiss the same way all the time. Even if you're as good at it as you say, it will still become repetitious and boring. Experiment with different styles and techniques. Remember, although no one can teach you how to kiss, your girl friend might show you what she likes and what she doesn't like.

My girl friend will not fuck unless she is drunk. I would like to fuck her when she is sober; it would be more fun. What would you do?

Steven George  
Haverhill, Massachusetts

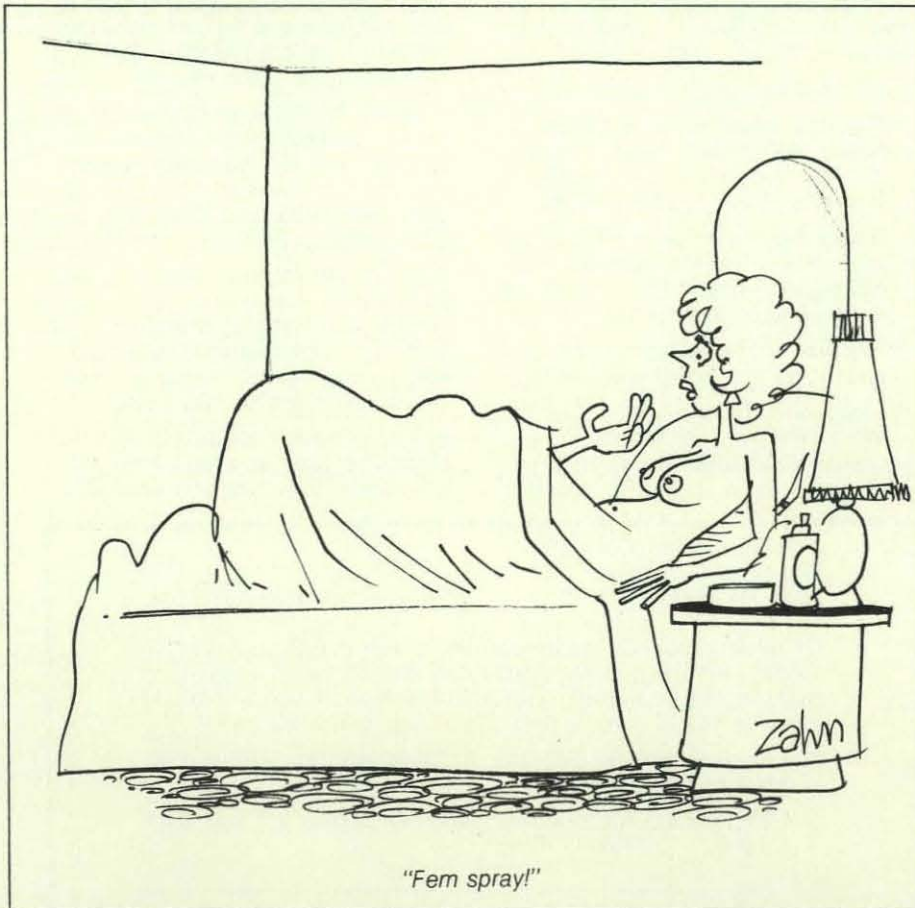
Fear and inhibitions make some people turn to liquor or drugs in order to get it on. Make some loving attempts to help her face lovemaking while sober. If that fails and you love her, make the best of the situation while continuing a patient campaign to help your girl friend overcome her hang-ups and hangover.

Congratulations on publishing a pussy magazine that shows the gal's pussy. Hugh Hefner's bullshit on going respectable gives me a pain in the ass; pussy got him where he is today. Now a question: Will fucking keep your facial hair and pubic hair soft and fluffy? A pal of mine says fucking stimulates hormones that channel protein to the hairy areas. I do notice that girls who like to fuck also seem to have pretty hair.

Major Timothy Meadows  
U.S. Army  
Seattle, Washington

Fucking is extremely healthy, and it certainly does stimulate hormones, generally adding a glowing attractiveness to a person, hairy areas included. People who are fucking regularly also tend to shower more often, thus rendering their facial and pubic hair soft and fluffy.

Before I got married, I was a little naive about sex, and the size of a man's penis did not make much difference to me. When I found the man I wanted to marry, I didn't even think about it. Since then, I've learned a lot about sex that I didn't know



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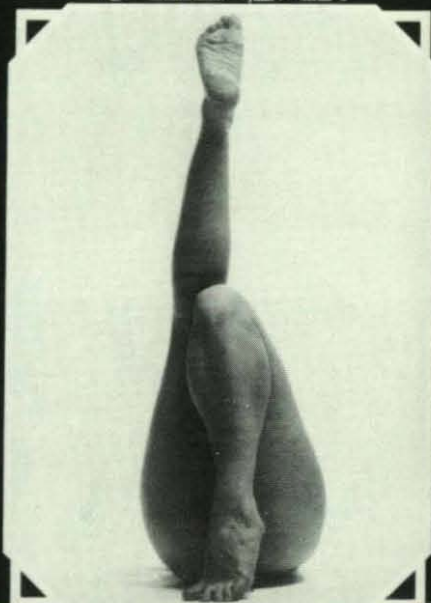


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before, and I've become aware of just how small my husband's penis is. If six inches is the average length of a man's erect penis, then his is, at most, no more than half of the average and is about as thick as my thumb. Although I now think that a good-looking man looks even sexier if he has a large penis (I especially enjoyed the photographs of Butch Williams in my husband's copy of the December HUSTLER), I still would not really be too unhappy about my husband's size if he knew how to make good use of what he does have, but he doesn't. As a result, having intercourse has been very unsatisfying and frustrating for us both. Could you suggest some sexual techniques we might try that might make it better for us? Are there any special positions for intercourse that might work better for a man, such as my husband, who has such a small penis? I would surely appreciate any help you might be able to give us.

Name Withheld on Request

*It's obvious that you love your husband, and you are correct in assuming that a small penis can bring great pleasure. It is highly desirable that you find close penis-to-clitoris positions so that stimulation of your clitoris takes place outside of your vagina before penetration. With your husband on top, he can move one leg outside of your legs so the size of his hips doesn't prevent him from getting up close to your clitoris. Even better, try it when you are on top, moving yourself slowly backward and forward over your husband's penis and directing your own stimulation. Many women also find anal intercourse with a small penis a superior experience. As they say, it's not the size of the boat that counts, but rather the motion of the ocean.*

I have just recently become a subscriber to your magazine and certainly hope you can help me. I am twenty-nine years old and still a virgin, due to the fact that I am extremely shy. I believe I may be afraid of women. For several years now, I have been watching and dreaming about this beautiful blonde who lives in my community. I feel that she is the perfect woman. She seems to be happily married and has two loving children. She is about thirty-five, and I need advice on the

proper (if any) manner to approach her concerning a loving relationship. She is warm and friendly on the occasions we meet on the street. Please help me.

G.R.

Delphi, Missouri

*It doesn't seem as if this happily married woman needs you for anything. What you are doing is totally romantic fantasizing (from lack of experience), dreaming of a situation that cannot possibly occur, in order to continue your present celibate state. You must be more realistic. Look for a younger available woman who seems to be understanding, and be frank with her—the idea of taking your virginity will have a special erotic appeal for many women. You will be surprised how easy it is to be seduced, and what fun, too. It is the kind of thing that can become habit-forming! Your first affair should be as uncomplicated as possible—try to keep husbands and children out of the picture!*

Recently, my wife and I decided to have a child, and our son is now nearly two months old. The experience has brought us closer together and deepened our love. Unfortunately, a side effect of motherhood is a stretched-out vagina. My wife's tight little slit is "gone with the wind," and now when we make love, I feel I am just sliding in and out. I do not like it. Although my desire to make love to her is stronger than ever, I am always disappointed when I enter her and find a strange, large pussy. Is there anything to be done? My sex life is just about ruined. This is very serious.

Ken O'Neal

Atlanta, Georgia

*It certainly would be serious if there were no hope for improvement. Chin up! There is a very simple exercise your wife can do to rectify the situation to a large (or small) extent. Anytime during the day when the thought pops into her head, all she has to do is tighten her vaginal muscles, as though she had to urinate but was holding it in. This exercise should be done in rapid succession for several minutes about ten times a day. It can be practiced anywhere and anytime, since no one but she herself will know*

*she is doing it. Gradually, the muscles will tighten, and with a little patience and perseverance, her pussy will soon snap right back into shape.*

I would like to know if sperm can leak from the penis during intercourse before ejaculation occurs. If so, can my girl friend become pregnant? We have discussed this problem several times, and we are both uncertain.

"Desperate"

Rusten, Louisiana

*Every Hustler has seen those spots on his underpants after a heavy petting session. Leaking sperm is part of the natural lubricating process prior to and during intercourse. Unless you want to be a daddy, you and your girl friend had better stay cool.*

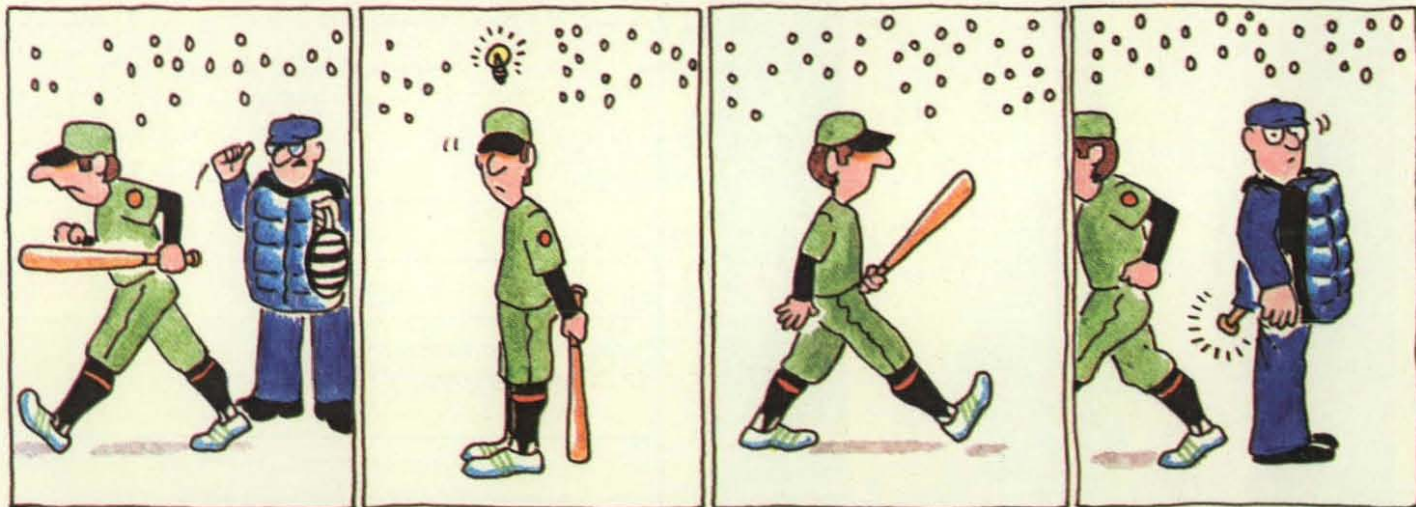
I am married and find myself having satisfying sex with my wife two or three times a week, but I also masturbate. Recently I find myself masturbating more often, sometimes twice a day. Between fucking my wife and jerking off, I must be coming at least a dozen times a week. I have two questions. First, if I'm having a good sex life with my wife, is it abnormal to also masturbate, and second, is there any problem in coming as often as a dozen times a week? I really enjoy jerking off and HUSTLER Magazine is my favorite inspiration.

Mark C.

Boston, Mass.

*Actually it is quite common for a man to enjoy both—sex with a woman and masturbation. Rather than one replacing the other, they often complement each other.*

*As for coming a dozen times a week, that is quite a lot. However, it is not necessarily abnormal. People go through cycles of increased and decreased sexual activity, and you must just be in the upswing of a cycle. The problem most men have with sexual activity stems from changes in the quantity. However, the human body is very adaptable. If you have a lot of sex, but are regular about it, you might very well have no problems at all.*



JUANE B. TINSLER

HUSTLER

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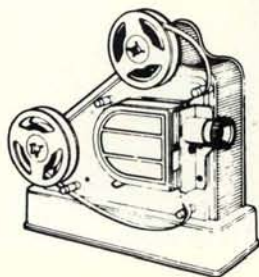
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Miss Jones  | <input type="checkbox"/> Check       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sensualist  | <input type="checkbox"/> Money Order |

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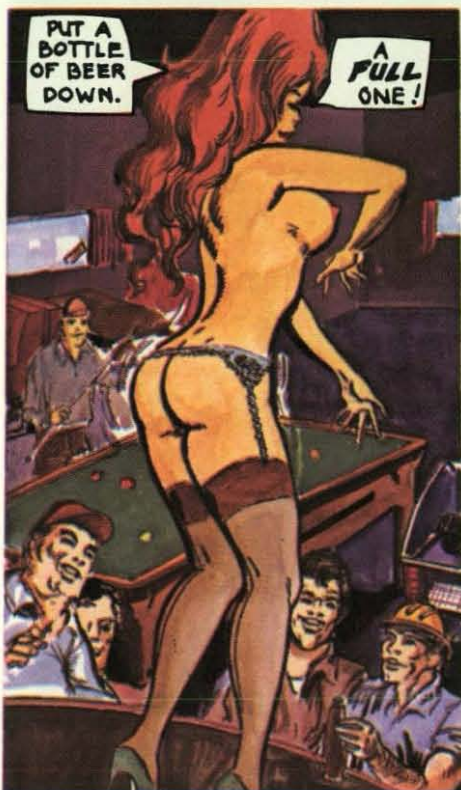
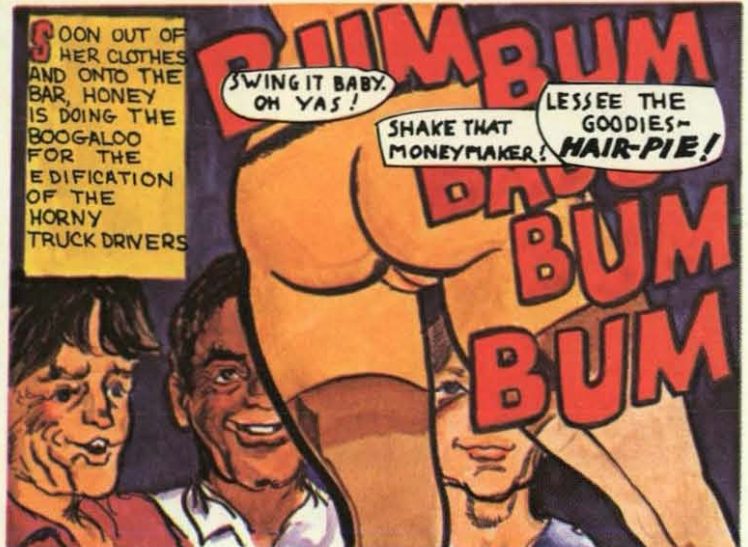
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I certify that I am over 21 years of age and that I am buying these movies for my private use only.

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HONEY RELEASES HER EDUCATED SNATCH AND WITH A FAINT CLINK DEPOSITS THE BEER BOTTLE UPON THE BAR, GLISTENING WITH CUNT JUICE ... **EMPTY!!**



WELL? EVEN I CAN'T HOLD IT FOREVER ... WHO'S GOING TO **CHUGALUG** IT?



YEAH, MAN, **SLITS** BEER!

LEADFOOT GUSTILY DOES THE HONORS. WITH HIS FACE BURIED IN HONEY'S SQUIRMING SNATCH HE SUCKS OUT THE NOW WARM BREW IN ONE BREATH.



KEEP IT UP... AND GET IT UP, LEADFOOT YOU'RE TURNING ME ON. OH YESSS... HOW YOU ARE... DARLING ...



THE COUPLE RETREATS TO A BACK ROOM OF THE TAVERN...

MMMMMM... LOVER ... LICK THEM SLOW AND EASY... OHHHH ... SOOO NIJJICE ...

JESUS WHAT A SETTA JUGS!

HOW POETICAL...





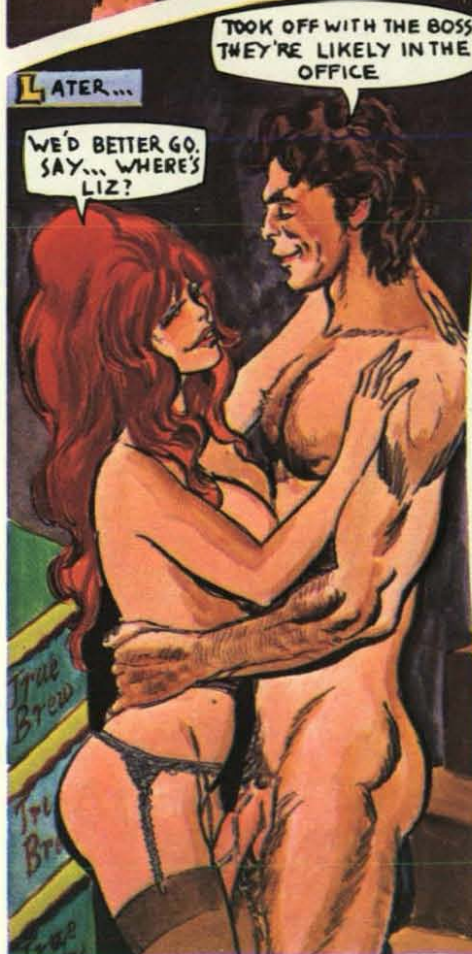
LEADFOOT...  
MY ENGINE IS  
HOT AND RACING...  
SLIP ME YOUR  
MEAT!



**L** EADFOOT SLAMS HIS  
BIG MACK HARD INTO  
HONEY'S GREASED PUSSY. HIS HIPS  
ARE A BLURRED PISTON AND HONEY'S  
LONG, SILKEN LEGS FLAIL THE AIR  
IN A WANTON FRENZY. SUDDENLY,  
LEADFOOT GRUNTS AND PUMPS HIS  
THICK, STEAMING LOAD INTO  
HONEY'S EAGER BEAVER.



OH! OH! OH!  
LOVER-GO! GO!  
DOUBLE-CLUTCH  
YOU BIG TRUCKER!  
DRIVE IT HOME!



TOOK OFF WITH THE BOSS,  
THEY'RE LIKELY IN THE  
OFFICE

**L** ATER...

WE'D BETTER GO.  
SAY... WHERE'S  
LIZ?

HUH, THAT LIZ  
IS LEARNING...  
MAKING IT WITH  
THE ...  
WELL, WELL, WELL!  
SO THAT'S  
WHY THIS  
JOINT IS  
CALLED  
**MOTHER,  
TRUCKERS**



RIGHT! YOU GO ON,  
HONEY... I WANT  
TO STAY HERE  
WITH "MOTHER!"

# FEEDBACK

(continued from page 7)

anyway? They know damn well they had a chance to look through any publication they may want to buy. They buy HUSTLER and then write to you with their half-assed threats that they will no longer buy HUSTLER, or will cancel their subscription. I have only two words for these people: EAT ME!

They know fuckin' well that they will keep on buying your mag, because they will not be able to find anything better. Keep up the good work; the world is counting on you.

Just sign me,  
Mystified

*The need to lay a load of racist crap at somebody's doorstep is probably a form of perversion, like necrophilia or celibacy.*

—Larry Flynt

I can't begin to tell you what your fucking, horny magazine has done for my husband and me.

We have been married six years and have been buying *Penthouse* and *Playboy*. But ever since we discovered HUSTLER, I wouldn't get a *Playboy* or *Penthouse* if they gave it to me free.

Your magazine makes us so horny that all we do is fuck. Every day I masturbate at least twice. I've only got about five HUSTLERS, and even though I see them over and over, I never get tired of the reading material or the pictures. They are a constant turn-on.

I'm going to send for every back issue we have missed, and then we are going to get a subscription for a year and every year after to make sure we don't miss out on any issues. I can't wait to get our back issues. My cunt is throbbing just thinking about it.

Also, we are going to have threesome sex with my girl friend, who can't wait to get her mouth on my husband's big cock. We've never experienced a threesome, but as soon as her husband goes on a fishing weekend, we're gonna get it on!! Thanks to you, HUSTLER!

P.S. Fuck the Ku Klux Klan. I'd like to give every one of those dopes a fucking blow-job and stick my stinkin' cunt in every one of their faces. And then shit in their faces when I'm done with them!!!

Happy Horny Housewife  
Lisbon Falls, Maine

*We like to think we've turned our readers on to new things, but the idea of sucking off people you dislike may be self-defeating. At any rate, it's one way to face down the Klan.*

## ANIMAL SEX LOVERS

Unlike most of the letters published in your magazine, I am neither praising nor condemning its literary content. I feel, however, that I must write to warn other women like myself to not believe or try everything they read in your magazine. My life will never be the same as it was, and it could happen to some other women just as easily.

Very simply, what happened is that I read about being fucked by a dog in your February issue and decided to let our German Pointer have a hump. (He has since been destroyed by my husband.) After Carl went to work, I locked the doors, removed the phone from its cradle, and took my night clothing off.

What followed will remain a nightmare. I lowered myself to the "dog-style" position on the living room carpet and was mounted without licking, sniffing, or any of the coaxing you read about. The pain was so bad that I tried to pull away, only to have Max's two claws impale my groin. After what seemed like an eternity, he stopped pumping and started swelling, giving me so much pain that I thought I was going to split.

I managed to reach back and remove one of the beast's paws (claws) from my waist, and he tried to jump off, causing us both terrible pain. I received two bites on my buttock (requiring 28 stitches) and another on my calf for three more.

I required four stitches inside my cunt, and when I have had my next period, I am supposed to be fitted with some type of ring to repair a displaced uterus.

In total, I lost a marriage of 22 years, have had to move to another town, can't sit without pain, or go to the washroom without more pain than I am able to take.

I am now known as the dog woman in my home town, so please don't publish my name or address.

Name Withheld  
by Request

*Sorry you're in the doghouse, lady, but maybe German Pointers just aren't your type. Next time you're at the pound, try letting a Pekinese pick you up—you just might like it.*

Well, they have finally done it here in Florida. There is not a copy of the February HUSTLER to be had anywhere. Rumors are that the obscenity boys have banned it so that all us children won't burn our fingers on it. It seems that there is a photo of a woman being penetrated by a lizard. Being an all-American boy, how can I sleep nights without seeing that?

I am 25 years young, vote regularly, and I served for four years in the military during the Vietnam fiasco. Yet, I am incompetent to judge for myself what material I may view or not. What tripe!

I am enclosing my check for a subscription to what I consider to be the only true men's magazine around. Please begin it with the February, 1976, issue. I already have a line-up of friends who want to borrow it. After all, we Floridians want to have our fun, too.

I really dig your mailing envelopes as they don't give the postman a chance to rip them off.

If you print this in your letters column, please withhold my name and address (except city and

## THE PHILOSOPHER

**He who does not know how to believe, should not know.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA

state), as I am paranoid about the FBI busting me for receiving obscene material through the mail. I mean, if they can't get you for pot, they'll get you for dirty books. Gee, I hope they don't find out that I don't wear underwear.

Name Withheld by Request  
Orlando, Florida

*If they ask you where your underwear went to, just tell them you put your boxer shorts on a bull and your T-shirt on a cow. They'll probably dig your "morality" so much that they'll make you the head of the local chapter of Citizens for Decent Literature. Then you'll have to read all the hard-core books available, so you'll know what to warn all the other citizens against.*

## BARBI'S "ASSHOLE" PRIZE

I have never written to a magazine before, but when you made Barbi Benton your Asshole of the Month, you went too far.

You sound like the frustrated little fat boy you really are. Barbi wouldn't have a drink with you because she doesn't think that drinking piss and discussing cornholing dogs is a good way to spend the evening.

Most of the girls in your magazine look as if their pussies had everything from a large log to garbage crammed in them. Your past feature with Butch & Peaches was something. A friend of mine went to school with your sexually liberated bitch Peaches, and he said that between shitting in her pants and picking boogers out of her nose and eating them, she wasn't very popular in class. I was amazed at how well-trained Butch was. I mean, how did you get him off all fours and on his hind legs long enough to take those pictures of a monkey in heat?

Your magazine will always be very popular as long as there are homos, and every other perverted group alive, to beat their meat or stick mustard jars up their asses while reading an article in your magazine about licking the ass of a girl who has diarrhea.

Since your idea of sex is using your dick as a dipstick to check the level of shit in some slut's ass, I suggest you stick your dick up your own ass, Larry, because you're full of shit.

Unsigned  
Bethel, Ohio

*At least my shit is up my ass where it belongs. Your shit has found another place to stay—in your puny, bigoted mind. What do you brush your teeth with? Charmin? I suggest that the next time you have the runs, don't write me—instead, go to the john, open your mouth, stick your head into the commode, and flush.*

—Larry Flynt

The reason I am writing this letter is to let you know that your magazine is great. In your Feb., 1976, issue, it was cool to see Barbi as your Asshole of the Month. That's what she deserves for being so stuck-up.

P.C.G.  
Jacksonville, North Carolina

(continued)

HUSTLER

# muscle up!

AT LAST...Here are the "MUSCLE MAKERS" you need to muscularize your body **INSTANTLY!**

## crash weight-gain

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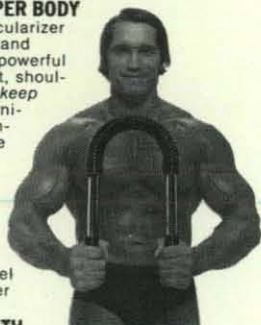


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The upper body muscularizer used by top athletes and bodybuilders to add powerful inches to arms, chest, shoulders and back—then keep them there for life! Unique "Continuous Tension/Ulimate Muscle Contraction" feature also insures power growth. Just 10 minutes a day and you are on your way to a powerful, muscular upper body! Durable chromed steel with "No-Slip" rubber grippers.

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Jammed with complete courses on muscularizing & shaping your body! Specific tips to build bigger arms, broader shoulders, deeper chest, slimmer waist and powerful legs. Sex appeal and virility-building information, too! ALL FREE with any purchase!





"My, what big genitals you have, Grandmother!"

Yeah, isn't it a riot the way these turkeys write in and accuse us of bad taste for making Barbi the Asshole of the Month, and then they turn around and say that our sweet, gorgeous Honeys look like their pussies could accommodate an "I" beam, or that they wear plastic panties and shit in them, or that they pick their noses and eat it? Now that's good taste, right?

## KING OF THE SHITHOUSE?

You're such a fuckin' smartass. You believe in sexual freedom. Well, then, Mr. King of the Shithouse, why don't you print explicit sexual pictorials on the following:

1. A mortician fucking and sucking on corpses—mutilated ones would be very picturesque and colorful. I'm sure there are millions of necromancers among your worshippers of shit.

2. Have a couple—man and woman—sadists or masochists, cutting off the limbs of a beautiful lady or handsome nude man. You can make a good centerfold out of that. It wouldn't matter if the staples were on the bodies, or if the fold cut the person in half—so much the better. There must be people who would volunteer—how about you?

3. For the perverts, let's see some pictures of you eating shit. You could even eat your own magazine if there isn't any good shit for you to eat at press time. You might even look better with diarrhea on your face—who could tell the difference?

4. Show a lady being fucked by an elephant or a jackass (you) for our bestial lovers.

5. Show animal cocks or cunt. But don't show a pig's dick, since we might mistake it for yours.

6. It would be nice to have Barbi Benton in your mag. At least she's smart enough to avoid you, which your brainless girl friend doesn't have the sanity to do.

7. I'll bet Al Goldstein uses your mag for toilet paper, and not his hands as most people think. Or else, he uses your hands to wipe his hairy little ass.

Sign me "Dirty" Mary. I'm "dirty" enough to write to such a sick magazine like yours.

P.S. I hope your mag flops like a 100-year-old lady's tits. You're so stupid—you printed a real old joke that was told wrong in the first place, and you also printed a joke that appeared in *Playboy* one year ago. Quit shooting off your mouth in your mag all the time and start paying attention to what goes into it besides excerpts from *Playboy* and your diarrhea. I even sent you 25 original jokes I wrote myself, which you rejected. Next time, I'll copy them from *Playboy*. Those reprint jokes appeared in your Feb., 1976, book. Whattsa matter—you think nobody reads *Playboy* just 'cause you came along?

I hope you have the guts to print this, and print yourself in the "Asshole of the Month" column. Fucker.

"Dirty" Mary Booth  
Salem, Ohio

Strange that you weren't too good for *HUSTLER* until we rejected your jokes. If that makes me the King of the Shithouse, what does it make you—Queen of the Kotex Box? Too bad you haven't

got a gash-sash taped across your mouth right now to stop the seeping menstrual flow which you pass off as thoughts. I've already featured myself in the "Asshole of the Month" spot (in the March issue). Now how about sending in a snapshot of yourself, so that we can do you the same honor? Asshole.

—Larry Flynt

## LOYAL READERS

I am writing you to show you just how devoted one of your readers is. Last night, some friends and I were sitting at the kitchen table. One of my friends started bugging me, so I told him to kiss my ass. He said that for \$5.00 he would, because he needed the money. One of my friends put up the money, the other brought out his camera, and then the crazy son of a bitch kissed my ass! He then took his well-earned \$5.00, ran out the door, and returned with a copy of your March issue in his hand. We made fun of him all night, but all he said was, "I've wanted to buy this issue since it came out, but I was broke. I saw my chance and took it!" Reader loyalty strikes again!

Joe Martinez  
College Station, Texas

Good thing you didn't tell him to fuck himself.

I am writing to let you know that you have an unofficial recruiter here in Germany. I started

reading and "looking" at *HUSTLER* while in the States and, of course, ordered my subscription. Now since I've been in Germany, I've shown *HUSTLER* to some friends who, in turn, showed it to some friends. I've received my copies back at long last and after constant reminders, only to find that there were some sections missing in some of them, namely the subscription blanks. Today I was asked once again for my copies by someone new. I will be constantly showing them and hope these added subscriptions will help your magazine thrive. I've even stopped buying my periodic *Penthouse*, *Gallery*, etc., to make up for the increase in your price, so that when my subscription renewal comes due, I will have it with no problem, not that it makes that much difference. One copy of *HUSTLER* is worth 12 of the others, so wishing you success for it insures my monthly pleasure of receiving the "juiciest" there is.

"Recruiter in Germany"

Thanks for spreading the good word about *HUSTLER*... And how are things in the new, all-volunteer army?

Attention! For your information, I have been a *Playboy* subscriber since 1962, but I'm dropping them for you. Yea! for *HUSTLER*, and to hell with Hefner!

Larry Fricot  
Oak Park, Illinois

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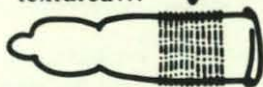
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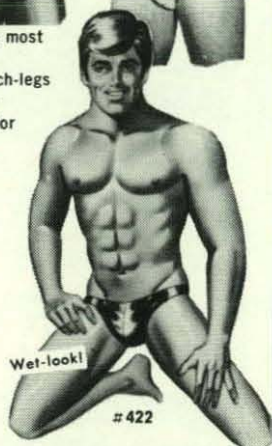
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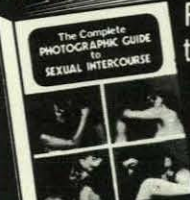


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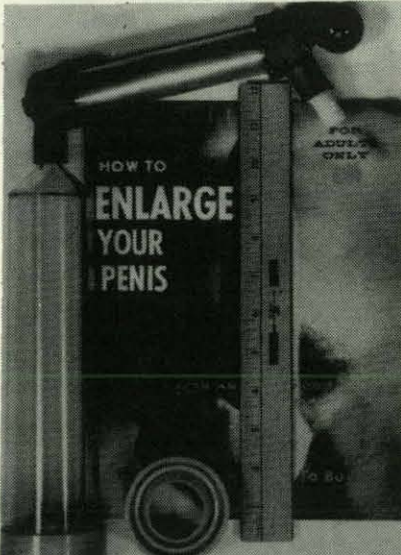
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# PREVIEW

## JUNE PREVIEW

**EARL WILSON, JR.**—The kingpin of the fantastic sexual musical "Let My People Come," and son of the gossip columnist, opens up for **HUSTLER** and discusses his views on money, power and sex.

**BLOODY MONEY, ROCKEFELLER STYLE**—Find out how John D. Rockefeller became rich by having men, women and children murdered. Remember Attica? It must be an old family tradition. By Jim Michaels.

**PHANTOMS: A TALE OF EROTIC OBSESSION**—When the perfect couple becomes a little bored and meets the perfect girl to liven things up, none could have guessed they were about to create the perfect hell. An all-too-realistic fiction piece by Claude LeSuer.

**EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT DEATH...BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK**—Is death really the end? Is there sex after death? These and other absurd questions are answered when **HUSTLER** takes a long look at death and concludes that it's not so hot. By Bruce David.

**THE FUCKING ULTIMATE** might be the *best* girl featured this month. But she's not the *only* one. We think you'll find our June girls to be the hottest turn-on yet. We guarantee to give you the best. Haven't we always been open with you?

**HAIRLESS EXPERIENCE**—If you're one who likes getting involved in hairy adventures, skip this pictorial. However, it *is* the perfect feature for a skin magazine.

**AND**—That's not all we offer this month. Our **BITS & PIECES** are most unusual and sure to be a mind-bender for all. For those who like to share their most intimate moments, **SEX PLAY** deals with balling in public places. If you think you've got problems, wait till you read **ADVISE & CONSENT**. **KINKY KORNER**, as always, is the turn-on that won't turn off. You'll love it, just as you'll love **SEX BITS**, our **HUMOR** and **CARTOONS**, and every other unmentioned inch of us.

# PREVIEW



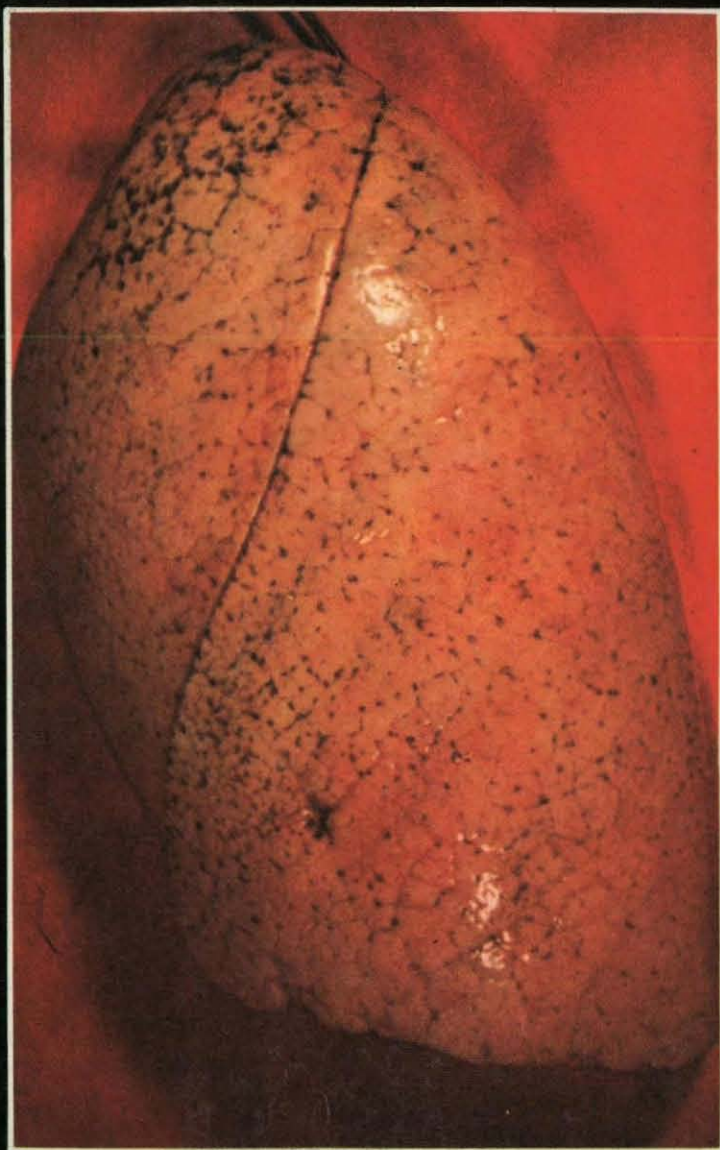
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